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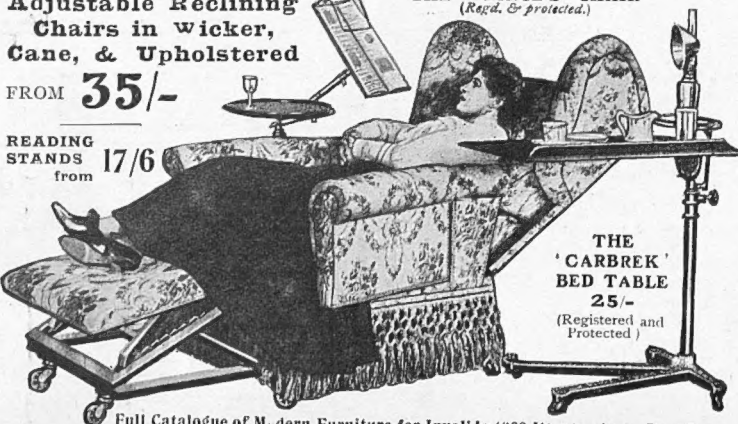
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The Sketch

No. 934.—Vol. LXXII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



AS IT IS NOT AT COVENT GARDEN: FRÄULEIN SIGNE VON RAPPE AS SALOME, WITH THE HEAD OF THE PROPHET (MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL).

As all the world knows, the head of the Prophet (otherwise Iokanaan) is not seen on the stage at Covent Garden, the Censor preferring that a charger shall take its place. That those may not be disappointed who would have preferred to see the head after execution when they saw Richard Strauss's opera, we print this composite photograph. It shows Fräulein Signe von Rappe holding the head of the Prophet (as represented by Mr. Clarence Whitehill). Fräulein von Rappe, it will be remembered, played Salome the other day, in the absence of Mme. Aino Ackté, who had to sing in Edinburgh. It is understood that she will be seen in the character in London on other occasions also.

Composite photograph by the Dover Street Studios, exclusive to "The Sketch."



AT the risk of making myself unpopular in this great and powerful country, I must confess that my first experience of an American sleeping-car was not altogether a happy one. I left New York for Boston on the midnight train. I had secured a lower berth, and I noted that it was of a decent length and width. But where to hang one's clothes? There was a peg—one peg—in the upper berth; but I had no desire to inconvenience the gentleman—or lady—to whom that berth had been assigned. In my berth there were two tiny shelves. I should have to roll my clothes into a bundle, apparently, and shove them on to those shelves. Well, I determined to have a whisky-and-soda—that is to say, a Scotch highball and club soda—before turning in, and make the best of things. I found the attendant (there was no bell in my berth), and acquainted him of my intention. He shook his head. "No drinks served on the train, Sir." "Nothing at all?" "Nothing at all." "Not even mineral waters?" "Beg pardon?" "Not even soft drinks?" "Nothing at all—except water. And let me tell you that you can't have any water after we get into the State of Massachusetts unless you've brought your own glass with you. There's been a law passed three weeks ago that compels us to remove all drinking vessels in the State of Massachusetts." "Is this the Land of the Free?" "It is, Sir." "Good-night to you." "Good-night, Sir."

Thinking it my duty to see as much of the country as possible, I raised the blind over my window and lay for an hour or two staring out at tall chimneys and small wooden houses. I awoke, very thirsty, about six o'clock. We were in the State of Massachusetts.

Having washed myself in the little public basin at the end of the car, and dressed myself in the narrow gangway between the two rows of berths, I set out to look for a gentleman to whom I had been introduced on the platform overnight, and who had kindly offered to show me the way to a good hotel in Boston. I found him at the end of the car. He was smaller than I had thought, but he nodded pleasantly in reply to my tentative smile.

"Good-morning," said I.

"Good-morning," said he. "Did you sleep well?"

"Pretty well, thank you. And you?"

"Fine, thanks."

"We shall soon be in now, I suppose?"

"Yes. About ten minutes' run only."

Then I began to suspect. Was this my gentleman? After all, I had only seen him for a minute or so on a dimly lit platform.

"Excuse me," I said, "but are you the gentleman to whom I was introduced on the platform last night?"

"No," he replied.

"I'm so sorry. I quite thought you were!"

"That's all right."

After I had found my real gentleman, and we had taken breakfast together at the hotel, I took a bath, called upon a few charming people, strolled about Boston for an hour, and then left by car for Harvard. I have a young friend at Harvard, and I was very anxious to contrast this famous American University with Oxford. I found my young friend in dreadful distress.

"This is too bad!" he cried. "If only I'd known that you were coming to-day instead of Monday! You said Monday—you know you did! Nothing more unfortunate could have happened!"

"My dear boy, please don't be so upset. If you have some engagement—"

"Some engagement! Don't you know that we are playing Dartmouth this afternoon in the Stadium, and here you are, never having seen an American football match, and I can't get you a

seat for love or money! Nobody can get a seat! What on earth am I to do?"

"Don't you mind about me! I'll just stroll about till the game is over."

"Stroll about? Fancy anybody 'strolling about' when there's a game of football going on, and one of the best of the season! Come on! Let's try some more places."

Every University man we met was stopped and asked if he had a spare seat. They just laughed. What a ridiculous question! You might as well have put in a polite request for a man's pass to heaven. All the same, I saw the match. Just as my young friend was abandoning the search as hopeless, we ran into a man who calmly produced a ticket. I believe it was the very last place out of forty or fifty thousand.

On the way back to my young friend's rooms I saw a strange sight. An undergraduate in a bowler (Derby) hat without a crown to it was solemnly playing a barrel-organ in the main street of the town, whilst two others, in equally grotesque attire, were waltzing together in the roadway. Obviously, all three were perfectly sober. They did not seem to be enjoying the sport. Strangest thing of all, with the exception of a few street-boys and a man driving a cart filled with earth, nobody took the least notice of the performance. I appealed to my friend for an explanation.

"They're 'runners,'" he said, "qualifying for membership of a very exclusive Society here. For a whole week they are the slaves of the members of the Society. They have to be up early in the morning, clean our boots, get us our newspapers, do anything required. They address the members as 'Sir.' Many of the lecturers and tutors are members of the Society themselves."

"Did you go through it?"

"Certainly I did. Everybody goes through it. By the end of the week you're pretty well dead, but it makes you value your membership."

One of the wretched runners was now ordered by somebody to vault on to the back of the horse harnessed to the cart filled with earth, and deliver a speech on the election of Mr. Dix. He did it without the least hesitation. Another was ordered to introduce himself to a strange gentleman who happened to be passing. Fortunately, the strange gentleman took it all in good part. My young friend called to the third.

"I want you for an hour," he said. "Have you any spare dates?"

"I'll see, Sir," replied the runner, a gentlemanly youth with an ascetic cast of countenance. He consulted a pocket-book. "I've only ten to eleven on Monday, Sir."

"That's all right. Be round at my rooms at ten sharp."

"Very well, Sir." We left him sitting on the cartload of earth, trying to look as if he appreciated the honour.

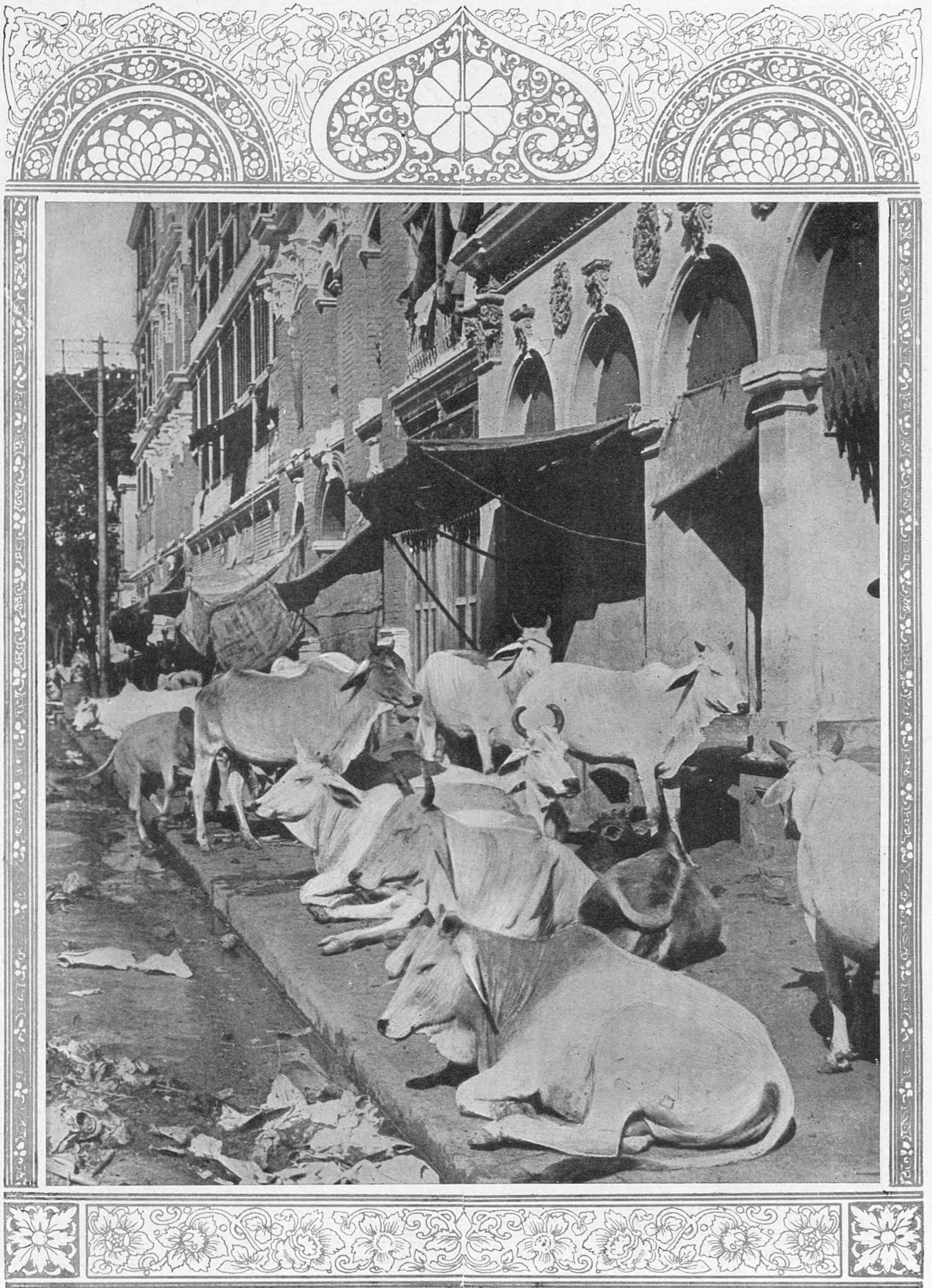
I was now taken to one of the numerous undergraduate clubs, where I was introduced to an Englishman—a Harrow boy—who had chosen to go to Harvard University from Harrow instead of our own Cambridge. He was a very young-looking youth, very modest, and, I am glad to say, extremely popular. He said he was very happy at Harvard. I can vouch for it, in case this letter meets the eyes of his loving parents, that he looked supremely happy.

We had lunch at the club, and then set out for the Stadium. My English readers who have not visited America will be able to form some idea of the importance attached to football in this country when I tell them that the Stadium seats something like forty thousand people, and is built of solid stone. We do not go to that length in England even for our beloved horse-racing.

And now to describe the match—if I can. Immediately facing me was an enormous placard bearing the word "DARTMOUTH." Beneath this—

(Rest of message held over till next week.)

COWS THAT CAUSE RIOTS: ANIMALS SACRED TO THE HINDOO.



STOPPING THE WAY, BUT LEFT IN PEACE: COWS RESTING IN A CALCUTTA STREET.

The proposed sacrifice of cows by Mohammedans during the Bakr Id Festival has been the cause of serious religious rioting in Calcutta, for the animals are held in considerable veneration by Hindoos. There has been a good deal of fighting between the rival factions, especially in Harrison Road, and it was found necessary to call out the military. So great is the Hindoo's reverence for the cow that wherever it chooses to rest there it is allowed to stay, although it may be stopping all traffic. Apropos of religious questions in India, it is worth noting that there is a rumour that the day fixed for the coronation of King George as Emperor of India (January 1, 1912) may be changed, the date coinciding with the tenth day of the Mohurram, which the Shiites keep as a day of mourning. It is suggested that the ceremony shall take place either in December of next year or in February of 1912.—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]

PRINCESSES OF PRINCE'S — AND TWO.

FAMOUS SKATERS AT THE FAMOUS RINK.



1. LORD LYTTON, SON OF THE DISTINGUISHED DIPLOMATIST AND POET, AND GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS POET, NOVELIST, ORATOR, AND STATESMAN.

4. MRS. HALL WALKER.

7. LADY HELEN VINCENT, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM, WIFE OF SIR EDGAR VINCENT, K.C.M.G.

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3. SIR JOHN THORNYCROFT, THE FAMOUS NAVAL ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS, FOUNDER OF THE SHIPBUILDING WORKS AT CHISWICK.

6. MRS. C. B. WHEELER.

9. MISS DAPHNE FITZGEORGE, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL GEORGE FITZGEORGE, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

For those who desire real ice skating in London is, naturally, iceless, Prince's is the favoured resort. We give portraits of some of those who are seen there frequently, taken at the rink specially for this paper.—(Photographs by Sport and General.)

THE ENGAGEMENT OF LORD DECIES AND MISS VIVIEN GOULD.



MISS VIVIEN GOULD (SECOND DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GOULD, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. JAY GOULD), AND LORD DECIES, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Vivien Gould, whose engagement to Lord Decies has just been announced, is, as we have noted, a daughter of Mr. George Gould, the famous New York capitalist and financier, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. Jay Gould, the great railroad magnate and financier. She has two elder brothers, Kingdon and Jay, an elder sister, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr. and a brother and two sisters much younger than herself. She is just eighteen. Lord Decies, who succeeded to the barony last July as the fifth Baron, is forty-four. He acted as A.D.C. to the late Lord Connemara in Madras, and to the Duke of Connaught when H.R.H. was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. He has seen active service in Matabeleland, during the last South African War, and in command of the Tribal Horse of the Somaliland Field Force. He has the D.S.O.

Photograph of Miss Gould by Fleet; of Lord Decies by Elliott and Fry.

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Supplement, which is a novelty in more senses than
one. In the first place, the subject records one of the
greatest innovations that have appeared on the stage of this
country, representing as it does the heroine of an opera whose
libretto is based on a Biblical episode. Anything of a Biblical
character has, of course, been strictly banned from the boards for
many years, in spite of the fact that the whole of our modern
drama originated in the old mediæval miracle and mystery plays,
which were nothing if not Biblical. It was only after compro-
mising with his official conscience by altering certain names and
sentences in "Salome" that the Censor was at length persuaded to
sanction its recent production at Covent Garden, years after its first
presentation on the Continent. Thus our picture of Madame Aino
Ackté as Salome is of historic as well as personal interest. The
portrait is also an innovation as regards the method of its making,
for it is not an ordinary photograph tinted, but one taken by a new
and wonderful process of direct colour photography.

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and 5 and 9.30 p.m. Sundays and Christmas day. Single Ticket, 9s. 6d.; Day Return
Ticket, 12s. † Not on Dec. 26 or 27.

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| LEWES SEAFOURD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS | Trains leave Victoria 9.0 and 11.15 a.m., 12 noon, 1.25, 3.20, 5.20, 6.45, and 9.50 p.m.; also London Bridge 9.3, 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 7.0, and 9.13 p.m. Also Trains to Lewes and Eastbourne only from Victoria 10 a.m., 4.30, 5.45 (not Sats.), and 7.40 p.m., London Bridge 5.56 (not Sats.), 7.45 p.m. † To Seaford, Wednesdays only. |
| LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT | Trains leave Victoria 6.20, 8.55, 10.25, and 11.25 a.m., 1.42, 3.55, 4.53* and 7.20* p.m.; London Bridge 6.35, 10.25 and 11.20 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50, and 7.18* p.m. * Not to the Isle of Wight. |

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HOLIDAYS will be issued to all the above South Coast Resorts on Dec. 23, 24 and 25.
For details of Xmas Arrangements see Holiday Programme or apply Superintendent of
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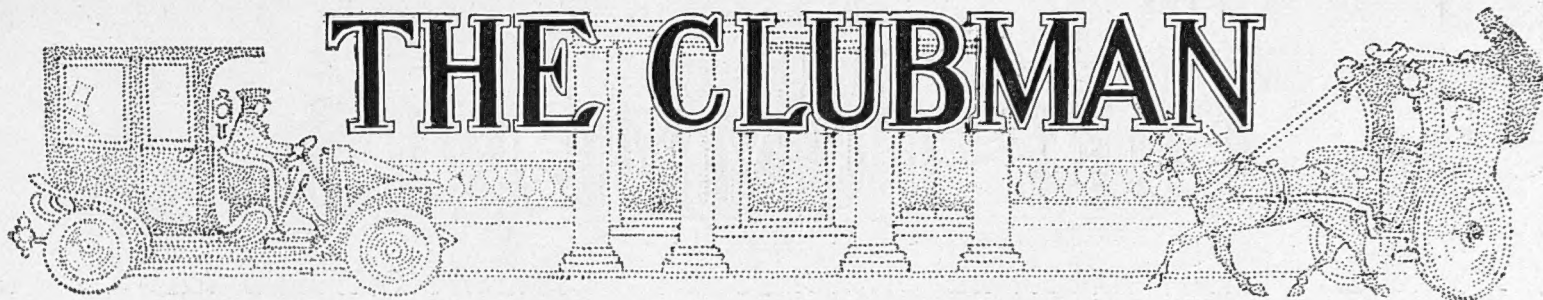
THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Calcutta Riots. The riots between the Mohammedans and Hindus in Calcutta have come at a very uncomfortable time for the young officers of the garrison, who in the Christmas and New Year weeks always hope to be free to see the Viceroy's Cup run for on the big racecourse of the Maidan, and to go to the balls which are given almost nightly at this time of the year in the City of White Palaces. Instead of being free to amuse themselves, the officers of the Rifle Brigade and of the 16th Bengal Lancers are bivouacking with their men in the open spaces which occur here and there in the labyrinth of dark little lanes which form the northern part of the city of Calcutta. It is cold work bivouacking in Calcutta at Christmastide—all the colder because the days are very hot and the sudden chill comes when the sun drops. The natives obtain a supply of ice by putting out at night at this time of the year shallow earthenware pans filled with water. This ice is stored for summer use.

The Sacred Cows. If Hindus or Mohammedans in India are, to use an Americanism, "looking for trouble," an excuse for a riot can always be found on the occasion of any religious festival of either creed. The Mohammedans sacrifice the cow, an animal held to be sacred by the Hindus, and the Hindus, when they wish to stir the Mohammedans to fierce anger, defile a mosque by flinging into it a pig, an animal which the followers of the Prophet look on as an unclean beast. The reverence of the Hindus for their sacred animals is not always very intense. In Behar I have before now seen the sacred cattle, which usually wander about the streets of the native cities helping themselves to grain wherever they can find it, working in a cart or drawing a plough, having been caught and set to domestic work by the European planters. The Hindus would not do this themselves, and they allow the animals to rifle their stores unchecked; but they are very thankful when Europeans, braving the resentment of all the Hindu gods, capture the thieves and make them pay for their keep.

Two Bohemian Clubs. Our own Savage Club and the Gridiron Club of Washington, which can claim to be the two premier Bohemian clubs of the capitals of England and the United States, have both held their winter dinners

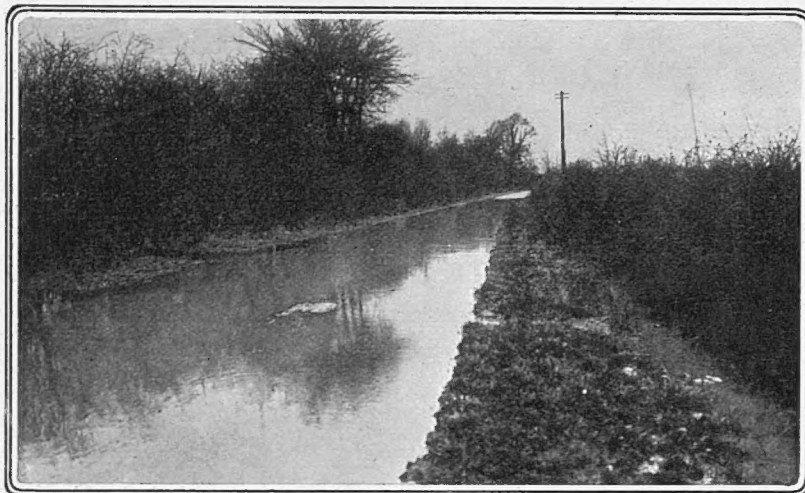
Australia. He looked at the serious side and not the Bohemian side of his fellow-members, and begged them, as men of literature, to restore to us the English of Shakespeare and Milton, of Addison and Steele, of Gibbon and Macaulay. I wonder what would have happened had Sir George Reid made that speech to the Gridiron Club, and whether the Savages, who can be very light-hearted when they choose, took it all quite seriously.

Krampus It is a pleasant fiction with us in Great Britain that only good children exist at Christmas-time, but I really think, if only for the fun of the thing, that we might borrow, from Austria, Krampus, the person with great horns and a snout and a long lolling red tongue, who accompanies St. Nicholas in his tour to take toys to good children. Krampus wears a red robe, carries a birch in his hand, and has on his back a big empty basket, in which he puts any bad children who have to be carried away and birched. The sweet-shops in Vienna have in their windows now many birches, but they are so skilfully constructed that when they have done their work as a threat, the handle screws off and is found to contain chocolates. The French "Poisson d'Avril," the outward and visible sign of All Fools' Day, has found its way into our shops in spring-time, and it seems to me that our confectioners might also import Krampus birches, and

that Krampus himself might be introduced into the picture-books as a warning that there is retribution for naughty babies even at Christmas-time.

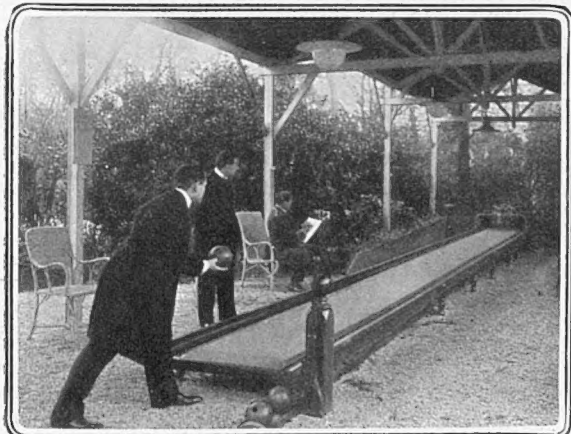
Comfort at Monte Carlo. The authorities at Monte Carlo seem to have come to the conclusion that those of their patrons who play for high stakes should be given some protection against the crowds, chiefly of German trippers, who swarm about the tables where any high play is going on. The new rooms overlooking the station, which have been built on to the Casino, are to be opened at the New Year; they are to be well ventilated (which is a most welcome innovation at the Monte Carlo Casino), and are to form a kind of private club. There is to be an entrance-fee of fifty francs for the season to gain admittance to this gambling holy of holies, and the men who go there after dinner are expected to be in evening clothes.

There used to be such a room on the first floor of the Casino, but it was said, at the time that Lord Rosslyn and his syndicate were experimenting with their system, that the quiet of this upper room and the massing of men who played for high stakes at one table gave the players an advantage against the bank, in that they were able to make their calculations in peace and quietness, and that the croupiers, if they tried to deal the cards or spin the wheel too quickly, were at once called to order. Of late years, since Monte Carlo has become a Mecca for cheap trippers, the want of such a room has been much felt.



A HIGH ROAD, BUT NOT A DRY ROAD: A WATERY WAY IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

Photograph by W. G. P.

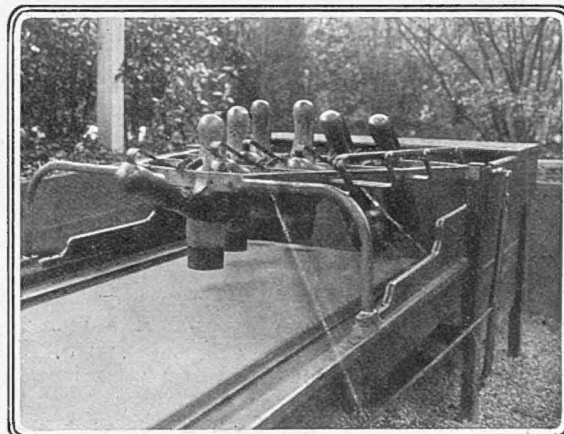


SILENT BOWLING: THE NEW FORM OF ALLEY AND PINS USED IN FRANCE.

This new track is silent. The pins displaced by the ball are set upright again by means of a lever worked by the bowler.

Photograph by Charles Delius.

rank in politics in America were mercilessly caricatured, and enjoyed the caricatures immensely. Mr. Roosevelt, whose "growing silence" was frequently referred to, did not come from Oyster Bay to be present at the dinner. The Savages, dining at the Cecil, had in the chair Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for



MECHANISM AND THE BOWLER: THE PINS WHICH CAN BE RESET IN PLACE MECHANICALLY.

The bowls, having run along the alley and displaced pins, return along a gully to the player.

Photograph by Charles Delius.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

THE VEGETARIAN CHRISTMAS.

(Many people nowadays keep Christmas on a diet of cabbages, nuts, dates, and non-alcoholic wine.)

Ho, vintner! bring a stoup of wine,
And see that it's non-alcoholic,
The heady product of the vine
Is in its essence diabolic.
And, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
With punch that knows not rum nor whisky;
Right lemon-juice will warm the soul,
And leave it seasonably frisky.
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer!



What ho, there, waiter! though they scoff
At this as but a dull and drab age,
Go fetch some juicy slices off
The sirloin of a lordly cabbage.
Beshrew me, roystering comrades all,
With nuts and beans to make a hash on,
We will make merry in the hall,
And revel in ancestral fashion.
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer!

Even the most timid
man need not hesitate
about asking his lady
love for a lock of her
hair this Christmas, since,
in consequence of the
Koreans having cut off

their top-knots, the price of the best hair has now
been reduced to tenpence an ounce.

Mere Man is now told by the doctors that he
should not climb with ladies unless he is in good
condition; if he does he is very likely to be left behind.
About the only thing left to man which women
cannot do is voting for members of Parliament.

"General Election" crackers are the thing this
Christmas. The "John Burns" cracker contains a
spide, "in memory of his working days," say Messrs.
Tom Smith, with fine satire. It is an axiom in
Battersea that work is done with the hands and
loafing with the
brains.



There has been a
little unpleasantness
in the champagne
districts of France
because a dealer was
suspected of introduc-
ing faked wine into
the country. That
dealer must be a most
unintelligent person.
He should send his
stuff over here for
Christmas parties.

Pennsylvania Penitentiary seems to be having a merry time this
Christmas. The pantomime is written and acted by convict
bankers and City Councillors, and the music is played by an
orchestra composed largely of murderers. The future of the
drama, of which we now hear so much, is
evidently in America.

The latest idea is that each generation
in a progressive world should be finer and
more wholesome than the generation before
it. The opinion of our elders is decidedly
opposed to this. They have never thought
much of the coming generation, although
they are responsible for it.

General Leonard Wood, Chief of the Staff
of the United States Army, declares that the
army is entirely unprepared for a war with a



first-class Power. It used to be the great boast (or
one of them) of the United States that they stood
entirely aloof from foreign conflicts. What first-
class Power do they want to go to war with?

England is not bankrupt yet. Our Radium In-
stitute has ordered one gramme of radium from the
Austrian Ministry of Public Works; but as thirty-one
grammes go to the ounce, the Institute is not likely
to be seriously overcrowded by the little alien.

By a budding philosopher: "You cannot
respect a man who has a cold in his head." At
any rate, you can respect and avoid his
influenza microbes.

TOUT PASSE.

(Mr. Gray, Secretary of the Anthropometrical
Committee of the British Association, says that,
although athletics have broadened the modern
woman's shoulders and waist, and enlarged her
hands and feet, such changes are almost as tem-
porary as the fashions which
cause them.)

The modern maid has a wider
waist,
And larger hands than the
early,
Tightly booted, severely laced,
Timid Victorian girlie.
Her shoulders exhibit a broader
span,
And everywhere she's flatter,
She growing uncommonly like a
man,
As like as makes no matter.

But *her* little faults will pass,
According to Mr. Gray,
Sec. to the Com.
Of the Anthropom.
Sect. of the British Ass.
For these are points which
she will not hand
Down to her future
daughter,
Whose shoulders will be of
the sloping brand.
Like a bottle of soda-water;

Mr. Taft's message to
the United States Con-
gress contains a passage
on "the existing legis-
lation with reference
to the regulation of cor-
porations." America's
fattest President has
simply walked into it
this time.

Holly, says an author-
ity on the subject, is
not coming into the market very
abundantly. Nevertheless, there will
always be sufficient for the comic small boy to place on some
unexpected chair in a dark corner frequented by his elder sister.

Yasscanberra has at last won the popular game of Spotting the
Federal Capital in Australia. Judging by the fury which has been
aroused by the selection among the other candi-
dates, Yasscanberra seems likely to provide
excellent amusement for many months to come.

"There is nothing permanent except
change." This epigram does not come out
of "The Importance of Being Earnest," but
is a remark of no less serious a person than
Sir William Crookes on the subject of radio-
activity.

What to do with our boys. Judge Smyly
says that there is plenty of money to be
earned by selling flowers in the street.



Who will certainly own a
wasp-like waist,
And an arm devoid of
muscle,
And will hold that it's not
in the best of taste
For a lady to rag and hustle.
But *her* little faults will pass,
According to Mr. Gray,
Sec. to the Com.
Of the Anthropom.
Sect. of the British Ass.



A RECORD: THE DUEL IN WHICH THE DIRECTOR WAS WOUNDED.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN MESSIEURS D'ESPARBÈS AND GÉGOUT; DIRECTED BY M. ROUZIER-DORCIÈRES.



1. THE DUELLISTS ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR; THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMBAT GIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.
2. READY FOR THE DUEL: M. ROUZIER-DORCIÈRES, THE DIRECTOR, ABOUT TO GIVE THE WORD TO BEGIN.
3. THE DUEL IN PROGRESS: THE DIRECTOR OF THE FIGHT HAVING AN EXCITING TIME.
4. THE DIRECTOR THROWS HIMSELF BETWEEN THE DUELLISTS AND BEATS DOWN THE BLADES WITH HIS WALKING-STICK.
5. ONE OF THE COMBATANTS IS WOUNDED IN THE FOREARM, AND THE PLACE "TOUCHED" IS EXAMINED.
6. THE DIRECTOR OF THE FIGHT PERSUADES THE DUELLISTS TO SHAKE HANDS AND AGREE THAT HONOUR IS SATISFIED.

It would appear that the duel the other day between Messieurs D'Esparbès and Gégout was not without its amusing side for the spectators. It was curious, also, in that, as a French reporter put it, it was "the first time that 'so sensational a novelty' has to be recorded as the wounding of the director of a duel by one of the principals." This refers to the fact that M. Rouzier-Dorcières was hit in the chest by one of the duellists, fortunately without serious results. To quote the "Figaro," as quoted by the "Telegraph": "M. Rouzier-Dorcières directed the combat. It was no sinecure. He urged M. Gégout to be calm, reminding him that M. D'Esparbès was married and the father of five children. 'All right,' said M. Gégout, 'you can trust me.' During the first part of the fight M. D'Esparbès' trousers were pierced; afterwards the same principal received a wound in the hand. This was not enough to stop the duel; and in the later bout M. Gégout's shirt was pierced, and M. D'Esparbès was 'touched' in the shoulder. A reconciliation followed."—[Photographs by Central Illustrations, Paris.]

SMALL TALK

A FEELING prevalent among the more intimate friends of the late King is that a subscription to a memorial is a dreadfully inadequate expression of loyalty and affection. What cheque of Sir Hedworth Williamson's, for instance, can begin to express the sincerity of his regret for his great friend? The signature he puts to it is as colourless as those that reach his butcher or his baker; three spoken words are much truer and fuller witness of his regard for a "man unparalleled." More fortunate in her opportunity of expressing her sentiments is Countess Feodora Gleichen, who has been asked to undertake the execution of the statue to be erected in front of the hospital at Windsor.



CAPTAIN CONRAD R. E. JORGENSEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS CONSTANCE BENJAMIN TOOK PLACE ON THE 19TH. Captain Jorgensen, of the 3rd Batt. Royal Irish Regiment, and Colonial Civil Service, served in South Africa, and from 1905-1910 was Assistant Political Officer in the Somaliland Protectorate.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

place at Windsor it will not be the first time that her work has been set up within the precincts of a royal residence, and the fountain that overlooks the Row and puts to shame the clumsy lines of the neighbouring Achilles is hers, although not all her friends who pass it by connect the lady and the marble.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN LAMBERT JACKSON TO-DAY (21ST): MISS OLIVE MARGARET ELPHINSTONE. Miss Elphinstone is the third daughter of the late Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone and Lady Elphinstone, of Pine Wood, Bagshot. Captain Jackson is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jackson, of Shirley Hall, Southampton.

Photograph by Lafayette.

from a very friendly household only on the understanding that matrimony should not change her into a Lady-in-Hiding. That she spends so little time in Carlton House Terrace is because Bocket Hall is beloved, not only by herself, but by her friends. Had not

Countess Feodora. The Countess goes to her task as well equipped, on the technical side, as any of her brethren of the chisel, and on all other points is better fitted for the task than they. Where any other sculptor would rely on photographs, she relies on memories. King Edward, her kinsman, was a constant visitor at her studio in St. James's Palace. He loved a workshop, and whether it was Rodin's or his cousin's, he was never happier than when he stood among the rough drafts of a sculptor's brain. When her statue takes its

hands at Bocket Hall neither was unaware of the significance of the thing. It summarised the friendliness that exists between the King and the representative of countless subjects, from shepherd and shop-boy to banker and baron.



TO MARRY MR. EUSTACE GILBERT HILLS TO-MORROW (22ND): THE HON. NINA KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH. Miss Nina Kay-Shuttleworth is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Shuttleworth. Mr. Eustace Gilbert Hills is the youngest son of the late Mr. H. Herbert Augustus Hills, sometime Judge of the International Court of Appeal, Egypt.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



ENGAGED TO MR. JAMES ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, OF THE 1ST SUFFOLK REGIMENT: MISS FREDA MASSINGBERD LEITH-HAY-CLARK.

Miss Freda Leith-Hay-Clark is the daughter of the late Captain Percy Leith-Hay-Clark, of 2, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

Photograph by Thomson.

Queen Mary been so willing to go to the Mount Stephens, the Mount Stephens would have come to Queen Mary! As it happens, the charming house on the River Lea is as convenient for the King and Queen as any in London; and a visit there is almost as natural to the month of December as mistletoe or holly.

A Representative Man.

St. Paul's Churchyard is associated with the beginnings as well as with the endings of life. It was from an establishment situate there that George Stephen, an assistant, set out for Canada and a colossal fortune. Not for half of the money he made there would he renounce the memories he stored and the experience he gained as a herd-boy in Scotland and an apprentice in London. In those simple capacities, no less than in the turmoil of Colonial railway construction, did he build up the character of the man whom, as Lord Mount Stephen, King George delights to honour. When guest and host shook hands at Bocket Hall neither was unaware of the significance of the thing. It summarised the friendliness that exists between the King and the representative of countless subjects, from shepherd and shop-boy to banker and baron.

Rinkers.

after Lord Worsley last week at the skating-rink. "Cause she goes faster than I, Sir, do!" came the apt but spasmodic answer of Miss Vivian's gallant fiancé, who, having no ordeal of fire and water to withstand, is suffering trial by roller. The novice of to-day can, however, congratulate himself on one feature of modern skating: it seems to be no longer a really dangerous. At one time the rink awarded damages as heavy as those of the hunting-field, and the following paragraph is of a kind by no means rare in the social columns of the eighteen-seventies: "Lady Henry Lennox broke an arm last night at the rink, and another lady fell and severely injured her face." Had the house of Lennox been represented last Sunday, it would not have occurred to it to sacrifice a limb.



MRS. CONRAD JORGENSEN (FORMERLY MISS CONSTANCE BENJAMIN), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON THE 19TH. Mrs. Jorgensen is the only daughter of Mr. Henry Neville Benjamin, of 34, Devonshire Place, and Hillside, Sunningdale. She married Captain Conrad Jorgensen on Monday.

Photograph by Esme Collings.



ENGAGED TO MR. ROGER D. DAWSON-DUFFIELD BROWNSON: THE HON. GWENLLIAN CLARE RICE.

Miss Gwenllian Rice is the youngest daughter of Lord Dynevor, of Dynevor Castle, Llandilo, Carmarthenshire. Mr. Brownson is the only son of the Rev. F. Brownson, of Compton Greenfield, Gloucestershire.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

TRÈS MOUTARDE! MR. GEORGE GRAVES BECOMES MRS. HALLYBUT.

"SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW.—III.



"AH! THE USUAL THING! POOR DEARS! POOR DEARS! POSSIBLY THEY WON'T LOVE ME SO MUCH WHEN MY CHARMS ARE GREASE-PAINTED AND WIGGED INTO THOSE OF MRS. HALLYBUT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?"



"NOTHING COULD LESSEN MY CHARMS! OH, COME—TRES MOUTARDE! ANYWAY, LET'S BE AS SAFE AS POSSIBLE AND GET INTO THE MAKE-UP: IT'LL BE GOOD PRACTICE FOR THE 'PANTO' AT DRURY LANE."



"I'LL WRESTLE THE BEAUTIFUL ROMAN INTO A CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN. NOTHING LIKE A NOSE TO GIVE YOU AWAY—AS READY AS A FOND FATHER WITH THREE BRACE OF UGLY DAUGHTERS."



"NOSE NEARLY FINISHED? NEZ, NEZ, MY FRIEND! ANOTHER TOUCH OF THE NOSE-PAINT. THEN FOR WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY, THE TRANSFORMATION!"



"I BUTTON UP IN FRONT, YOU'LL NOTICE. IT'S ALL IN ONE PIECE, TOO. SO CONVENIENT. PRACTICAL AND FASHIONABLE IN ONE—WHAT MORE DO YOU ASK?"



"THIS TO ASSIST IN GETTING THE SPIRIT OF THE CHARACTER—PARDON, THE CHARACTER OF THE SPIRIT."



"A FINAL FETCHING TWIRL TO THE STRINGS OF THE SPRING CREATION, AND ALL WILL BE WELL."



"HERE I AM! MRS. HALLYBUT, OF DRURY LANE'S 'JACK AND THE BEANSTALK,' AT YOUR SERVICE."

Mr. George Graves, that quaint comedian whose popularity is so great and is ever-growing, is to be the Mrs. Hallybut of Drury Lane's pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk." He is here "interviewed" making-up for the part. The words given under the photographs, be it noted, are ours, not Mr. Graves': we present them to him—free, gratis, and for nothing.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER



MARRIED TO MISS SIBELL JOHNSTONE ON THE 17TH: CAPTAIN WALTER LONG.

Captain Walter Long, D.S.O., of the Scots Greys, is the elder son of Lady Doreen and the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, and a grandson of the ninth Earl of Cork. Miss Johnstone is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Francis Johnstone, eldest son of Lord Derwent.

Photograph by Mayall.

Lord John Cavendish was talking politics to a majority, while Lord George was telling a minority how he had introduced turnips into Lancashire. "They were as big as my head," he was saying. "And as thick," interposed his brother, annoyed at the diversion of attention. "Brother John," replied George, "God has given more sense to you than to me; but He has given me more strength, and if you say that again, I'll knock you down!"

At Bocket. But the present Duke, for all his tact, has no lack of convictions. Indifference, which is so much more annoying than mere difference, of opinion is a characteristic of which those who know him as well as his father-in-law, Lord Lansdowne, could never accuse him, and his concern for the successful candidature of the Earl of Kerry was almost as keen as any he felt in the days of his own career in the Commons. His presence at Bocket was hailed with no little joy by one follower of the trend of politics who discovers in modern Liberalism a menace to the Crown. "Who killed Wat Tyler?" he asks, and in triumph answers, "A Cavendish"; and reads into the Duke's presence at his monarch's side meanings that could not long endure in the smiling presence of King George.

The Recompense.

It has fallen to Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart to perform the heroic deed of the Elections. For all his personal popularity, his feat in wiping out a majority of 1555 and winning with one of 299 remains a notable one in an era of "No change." Behind the triumph lies, however, a memory of tragedy. At the last election Lord Ninian lost the seat, and his young child. His

little son went forth in the colours of Conservatism, but they did not protect him against the treacherous winds of "Wild Wales," and he died from a chill caught at the time—the youngest of all martyrs of perambulating canvassing. That Lord Ninian is now returned is proof that human sentiment is not wholly discarded in the polling-booths. Many of the

votes cast in his favour were, figuratively, flowers thrown on last January's grave.

The Plebiscite.

Mr. Chamberlain, whose figure has been spied behind Lord Lansdowne's in the matter of the Referendum, has one critic who speaks from an unusual fund of experience. The Empress Eugénie twice awaited the result of a plebiscite with the tremors of a wife whose husband had staked his all on the word of the people. It was in 1870 that he was condemned by English politicians for appealing directly to the country—unconstitutionally, it was said. To his question whether he should continue Emperor or not, the *ouis* were returned in an overwhelming majority. "And I remember English criticism at the time," commented the Empress, nodding merrily, to an English friend the other day; "and now your Chamberlain and your Lansdowne are persuading you!"

The Ill-Luck of "the Ancestor."

Perhaps if an inexorable Revising Barrister had not struck Lord Ribblesdale's name off a London register, that most picturesque peer would have been walking on sound limbs in a safe city when, instead, he was encountering the hazards of the hunting-field. The news of his fall very much alarmed his daughter, Lady Lovat, and other absent members of his family, and set his friends thinking, after the manner of an Irish member, how many people there are who deserve an injury more than he. But perhaps merely to take the ordinary risks of riding constitutes a desert. If it does, then Miss Nellie Baillie-Hamilton must beware of an even fuller share of damage, for, of all the followers of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds, she is one of the most adventurous. Of all maidens she can least afford to join the invalids, for Coronation

Year is also her year. Perhaps, of all the débutantes of the near future, she emerges from the most golden background, for to her mother, Lady Binning, passed, not long ago, the Salting millions.



THE MILLIONAIRE AUTHOR OF "JUDAS": MR. JOHN DE KAY.

Mr. de Kay's play, "Judas," is due for production in America this month, with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the name-part. Mr. de Kay, who is connected with the great U.S.A. Meat interest, divides his time between Mexico, the United States, and England.



ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD ROE: MISS GRACE DEARLOVE ETESON.

Miss Eteson is the fourth daughter of the late Surgeon-General A. Eteson. Mr. Roe is the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Roe and of Mrs. Roe, of 17, Bramham Gardens.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO SIR HENRY RIPLEY, Bt.: MISS DOROTHY HARLEY.

Miss Harley is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Harley, of Brampton Bryan, Herefordshire, and the Hon. Mrs. Harley, of 53, Cambridge Terrace. Sir Henry Ripley is the third Baronet. He will be thirty-two in January.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



PROMINENT IN LONDON AND NEW YORK SOCIETY: MRS. GLASGOW.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MISS DOROTHY HARLEY: SIR HENRY RIPLEY, Bt.

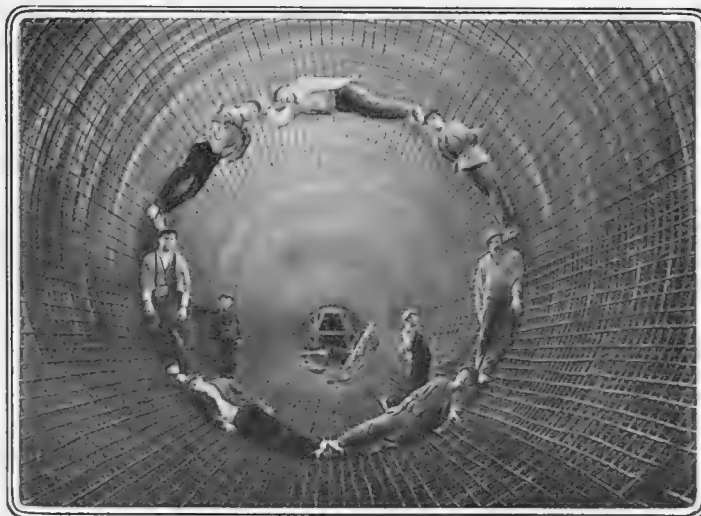
Photograph by Lafayette.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A GERMAN ASTRIDE A LION (GUARANTEED NOT BRITISH): A PLUCKY TRAINER MOUNTED ON A KING OF BEASTS.

We show the well-known trainer, Herr Havemann, riding one of his lions. Many trainers acknowledge that it is not really a very difficult or very dangerous matter to train wild beasts. The great risk—and it is this that requires the *dompteur* to have exceptional courage and nerves of steel—is that it is never possible to tell when one of the beasts will go wild, and, although under ordinary conditions docile, attack its master.



A LIVING CIRCLE IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST WATER-PIPE: AN EXTRA-ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ALBEDA CONDUIT.

This extraordinary photograph gives some idea of the great size of the water-conduit just constructed at Albeda, on the Aragon and Catalonia Canal. The workmen are seen demonstrating its huge dimensions by holding on to its ribs, to show that the circumference equals the height of seven men. The length of the waterpipe is about 823 yards. It is the work of a Spanish engineer, Señor Mariano Luina, of Gijon.



PEOPLE OF TIMBRESPOSTE-SUR-CARTON: FIGURES MADE OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

All these figures are ingeniously fashioned out of pieces of used postage-stamps of various colours stuck on black card. The three here illustrated, on a considerably reduced scale, show a messenger, a lady of sporting type, and a mourner at a funeral. There are, of course, numerous others. For the loan of the originals from which we made our photographs, we are indebted to Mr. Bright, the well-known stamp-dealer of the Strand.



AS IT IS NOT DONE IN THE LAW COURTS: WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE HOME.

Wireless telegraphy, always of very great interest to the public, is even more in evidence than usual at the moment, for has not a special installation been set up in the Law Courts that demonstrations may be given in Mr. Justice Parker's Court during the action in which the Marconi Company are the plaintiffs? Generally speaking, radio-telegraphy calls for very elaborate apparatus; in the home somewhat more primitive means may be adopted. The first of our photographs shows a wireless message being received through a metal dish; the other, a wireless keyboard fitted in a drawing-room.—[Photographs by P.-F. Press Bureau.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Strange Fare at the Gaiety.

Will no one shed a tear over the fate of the young gentlemen who for years have been in the habit of visiting the Gaiety once or twice a week attracted by the typical Gaiety piece and Gaiety girls and Gaiety actors? I picture to myself one of them arriving at the sacred home of dramatic art expecting to see "Our Miss Gibbs" for the *nth* time; I picture his surprise at finding a strange audience and a new title on the programme, and his wonder whether the captain in "The Captain of the School" will be Teddy Payne, or whether Miss Gertie Millar or one of her successors as the fascinating Miss Gibbs will take the part. And then I draw a veil. Perhaps he will like the farce without music by Judge Parry and Mr. F. Mouillot. I should hardly say without music, since some school-songs were sung by the schoolboys in the last act; but what is that to one who, like Bertie, hath music in his soul? Yet a good thing may come of it. Bertie—is that the correct name for the Gaiety patron, or is it Johnny?—may be pleased by "The Captain of the School," and, being thus gently broken into drama, may be led to giddier and giddier heights till he faces the fierce intellectual joys of a Maugham drama or a Waller play. He may even become a member of the Stage Society, and revel in its austere productions; even "Pompey the Great" may some day appeal to him.

The General Public.

Of course, the real appeal of "The Captain of the School" is not to the Gaiety specialist, but to the general public, and primarily the Christmas play-going section. Obviously, there is plenty of fun in it for the schoolboy, and I hope he will not be deterred by reading in a Sunday paper that "Judge Parry has made good his claim to infantile suffrages, and the endearing chain has again been tested in the furnace of public opinion and not found wanting"; perhaps he will not understand the latter part of the sentence—I don't—and he must remember that even the biggest public schoolboy "man" is an infant in the eye of the law. It may be that the school humours are not so clever as those in "Vice Versa," but they serve well enough to cause lots of laughter. Mr. Mackinder in the part of the expelled captain who comes back disguised as his uncle to examine the school in mathematics had full scope for simple humour. It is rather hard upon him that he should be charged with imitating Mr. Huntley Wright, and also poor old Blakeley—only a tradition to the present generation, but a treasured memory to some of us. Perhaps if Bertie or Johnny arrives late and sees Mr. Mackinder doing his burlesque school-examination he will not feel out of his element. Mr. Mackinder's work is clever enough of its kind, and he got a lot of laughter; but there is an extravagance in the matter which takes it outside the scope of legitimate drama. It must, however, be admitted that the actor had a heavy burden put upon him by the authors, whose dramatic scheme is not strong.

The Play.

Nobody takes this kind of work very seriously or asks whether as farce it is nicely plausible. Innocent merriment is what the authors aim at, and we do not have too much innocent merriment on our stage, for very often there is

little innocence in the plays of simple merriment. So "The Captain of the School" is likely to enjoy a healthy run. The company contains that agreeable actress Mrs. F. Mouillot, who plays with humour as Mrs. Higgins, and Miss Dorothy Parry, a charming young lady who, I believe, is paying her first professional visit to London, who acts prettily as the captain's sweetheart. Mr. Charles Macdona represents the headmaster in a skilful fashion, and Mr. Harry E. Duff gave a clever performance.

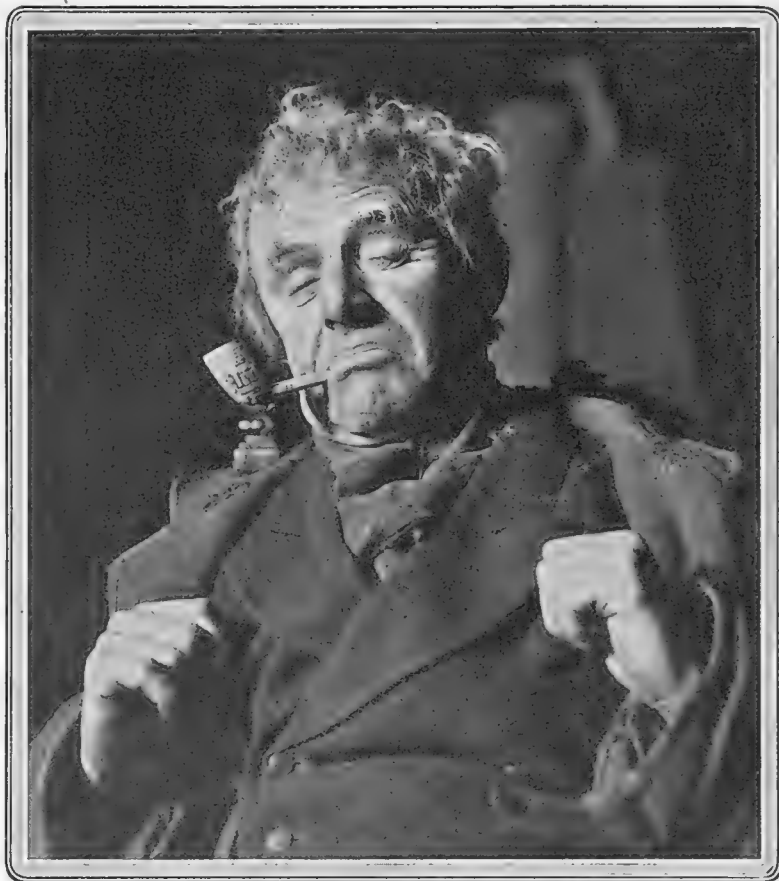
"The House Divided."

In "The House Divided," which appeared for a couple of matinées at the Queen's Theatre, the authors showed a fairly large acquaintance with theatrical effects, and rather less extensive acquaintance with politics and business, and a too confident reliance upon epigrams

of a kind which has become a trifle out of date. Some of the epigrams might sound fairly witty if abstracted from their surroundings: placed in their surroundings they were forced and out of place. The authors' ideas of politics and finance included one or two curious notions as to the management of the books of a limited company, and as to the position and functions of a President of the Board of Trade. To the majority of the audience these things probably did not matter; nevertheless, it is well, when writing a politico-financial play, to get things substantially right. But the chief ground for complaint was the old, old fault, which turns into flagrant melodrama many a play that would be a comedy; there was no real reason for any of the important things that happened. The President of the Board of Trade, intending to give an enormous Government contract to a certain company, had very properly got rid of his shares: but his frivolous wife, in entire ignorance of the true position of affairs, had been lured by the villain into investing largely in that very company. The trouble was discovered before the contract was given: the shares might have been resold at once at the original price to the vendor, who, without doubt, would have been glad to get them back; and there was nothing in the transaction which, if it had been publicly explained, would have brought discredit to anybody but the villain. Yet on this flimsy basis was built up an elaborate story of blackmail by the villain, finally baffled by the discovery that he had himself been committing various criminal offences; though in truth, even apart from this, there seldom was a blackmailer with so few cards up his sleeve. Another instance of a similar kind was the behaviour of the villain's wife, who was also the President's secretary, and who, though hating her husband, and knowing that he had gained secret information in a manner for which she was in no way to blame, nobly refused to speak, and allowed suspicion to fall upon herself.

The Acting.

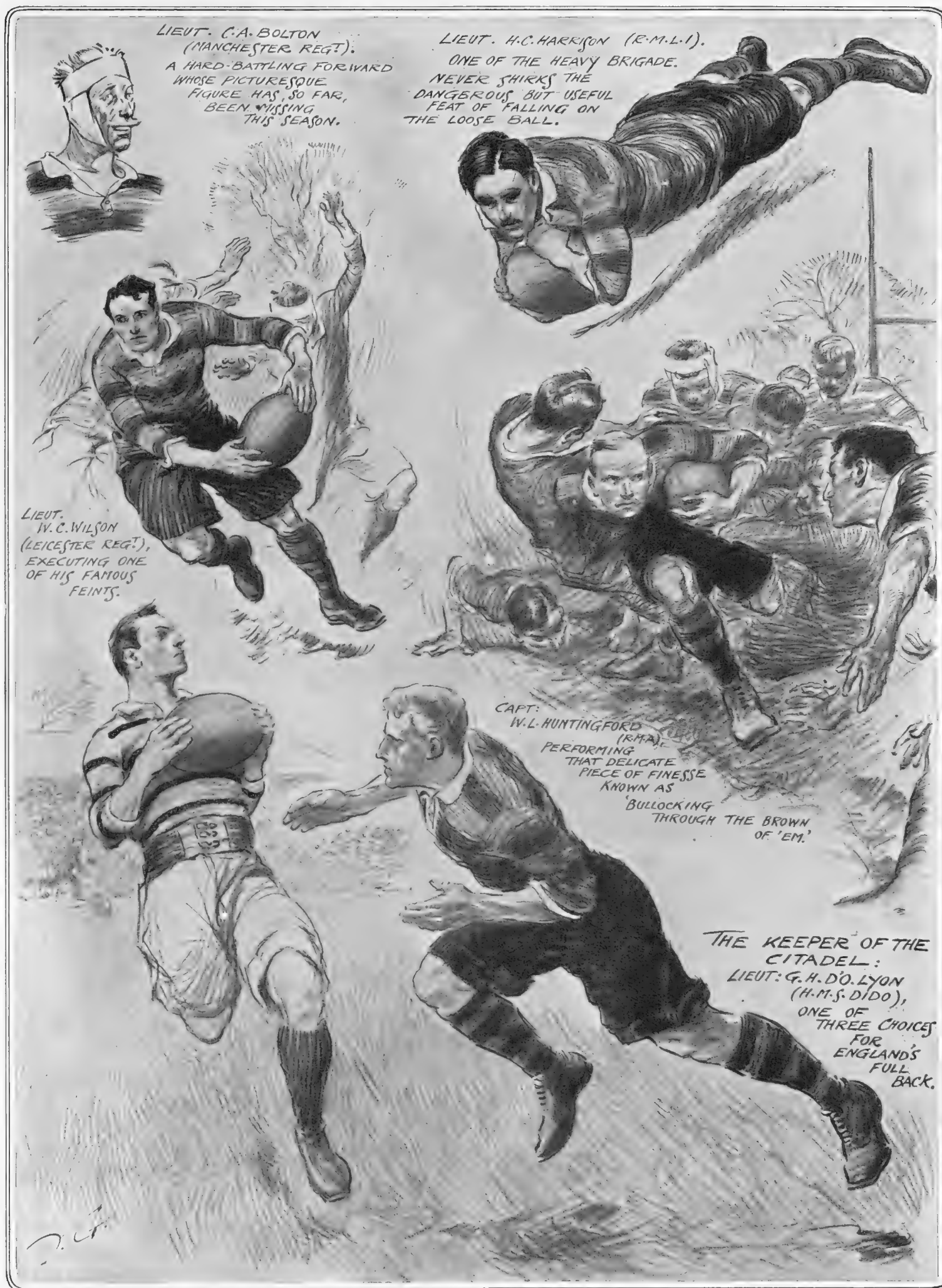
Mr. Arthur Lewis and Miss Essex Dane, who wrote the play and took the chief parts in it, will write better when they grasp the fact that people do not do these things. Meanwhile, Miss Dane gave herself an opportunity of showing her powers as an actress, which would be more impressive if she did not over-act; and Miss Darragh played the villain's wife very finely indeed.



MR. JAMES WELCH AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR AS JAMES GOWER IN "THE MAN IN THE STREET."

Mr. James Welch is repeating at the London Coliseum a success that he has made many times before, appearing as James Gower in Mr. Louis N. Parker's little play, "The Man in the Street."—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

Play Portraits: Famous Rugger Teams.



VII.—THE UNITED SERVICES.

Despite a tendency not to show their top form this season, the United Services have contrived to give two or three remarkable displays of their ability. (See article elsewhere.)

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK GILLETT.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE

XV.—MISS ADA BLANCHE.

I REALLY had two first appearances—and a half. My first “first appearance” was made as a child, my second was on the music-hall stage, and the half was when I slithered out of children’s parts into grown-up ones. My first “first appearance” was made in the first pantomime played by children, which was produced by the late F. B. Chatterton at the Adelphi Theatre. It was “Little Goody Two Shoes,” and it came before a full-sized melodrama which formed the second half of the programme. My mother, who had been a well-known concert singer in her day, and was then a serious actress of “heavy” parts at the Adelphi, under the name of Miss Cicely Nott, never intended that any of my sisters or I should go on the stage. Necessity, however, willed it that the whole four of us should do so, while my brother, the late Bert Adams, later on, went into acting management. My mother taught me to sing, but, apart from that, we were all of us acting-mad at home, and were always acting and dancing in the nursery.

When it was known at the Adelphi that there was going to be a children’s pantomime, one of the other artists—Mrs. Edmund Phelps—suggested to my mother that she should endeavour to get an engagement for one of us. My mother decided on me, and I was taken down to the theatre to sing to Mr. Chatterton with a view to an engagement for a special singing part. The song I sang was “Silver Threads Among the Gold.” It was the popular song of the year, and everybody knew it. Mr. Chatterton evidently approved of the way I sang, for there and then he told my mother he would engage me. In the pantomime the song I had to sing was Mr. Clement Scott’s patriotic song “Here Stands a Post.” The chorus went—

Here stands a post, come behold it and beware;
Here stands a post, it’s a signal, not a snare;
Here stands a post, and who has put it there?
Why, better men than you, so touch it if you dare.

After that I had to sing a song called, “Buy a Broom.” It was a German dialect song, and the music and words were written by my mother. My mother also arranged the “Here Stands a Post” song, which I sang dressed as Britannia, and carrying what was, for me, quite a large Union Jack. For each verse there was a different tableau, or rather, a different pose, which was designed by my mother. The song went wonderfully, and I believe it would go wonderfully now if it were revived. Mr. Scott was delighted. So was Mr. Chatterton. He was so pleased that he promised to send me a dozen pairs of gloves, but he was so forgetful that he never did it!

It was arranged that “Here Stands a Post” should be sung by me in the children’s pantomime in the afternoon, and by Miss Russell, then a well-known singer, in the Drury Lane pantomime in the evening, but Miss Russell fell ill and was unable to sing. There

was no understudy, and as the song was such a success, Mr. Chatterton, who also directed Drury Lane at the time, was most anxious that it should be sung. They sent someone in a cab for me to go down to the theatre. By the time the cab arrived I had been given my bath and supper and been put to bed. Mr. Chatterton’s summons could not be ignored, so I was duly taken out of bed, dressed, put into the cab and driven down to Drury Lane Theatre. When I got there the conductor, Mr. Levey, took me into the great band-room under the stage that

I might sing the song to him, so that he should know how to conduct it when I got on the stage. Although I was so young that I did not realise the seriousness of the work I was doing, and, in consequence, had not the least fear or nervousness, I can remember that I felt decidedly qualmish when I went into that great big room. Still, when I went on the stage, I was not in the least bit nervous, and the song went just as well as it had gone at the Adelphi; perhaps it went even better because I was such a tiny mite on such an enormous stage.

As a matter of fact, it was only when, some years later, I went back to Drury Lane as principal boy, a position I occupied for six years in succession, that I began to realise what I had done as a child. Very many grown-up people get stage-fright when they stand on Drury Lane for the first time and realise the vast area of the stage.

The result of my singing at Drury Lane was that it started my career, for I was engaged to play the part of the page Dandini in “Cinderella” the following year.

After Dandini at Drury Lane I went to the Aquarium, then under the management of Miss Marie Litton, to play Little Red Riding Hood, and I was practically a child when I played my first principal boy part at the Theatre Royal, Hull, for I was in short frocks at the time.

It was somewhere about that time that I made my half-appearance, and slithered into a grown-up part. It was done at very short notice. One evening, Miss Maud Cathcart, who was acting at the St. James’s with Sir John Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, came to our house and told me that

one of the ladies of the company had fallen ill. The result was that all the parts had to be turned round, and there was nobody to play her part—that of a chambermaid. She wanted to know if I could do it. I did, but they had to lend me a long dress at the performance. On another occasion I had to be lent a long dress to play Ida in “In Two Roses” at the Aquarium Theatre.

My second “first appearance”—on the music-halls—was made between my first and second years as principal boy at Drury Lane Theatre—that is, just after I had played Boy Blue in “Red Riding Hood,” and before I played Robinson Crusoe. Up to that time, after the pantomime, I used to tour the provinces in parts which had been played by the incomparable Nellie Farren at the Gaiety. Among them were Ruy Blas, Little Jack Sheppard, and Miss Esmeralda. The reason why I thought of trying the halls was that I believed there was more money in it for me than on tour, and I had had several offers. A great many people were going on the halls from the theatres just then, so I thought I would try my luck, too. At that time, my father, the late Samuel Adams, was the proprietor of the Trocadero Music Hall, and although he rather disliked the idea of my going on the halls, still, when he saw that I had made up my mind to do it, and nothing would dissuade me, he decided to give me an engagement, so that I could make my debut under his auspices, as it were. I began in quite an unpretentious way with some descriptive songs, but nothing made any particular success. Still the management of the Palace did not think badly of me, for they engaged me for seven weeks, and I stayed seven months. It was at the Palace that I made my first success, with “Stick to the ship, boys” and “Marguerite,” the latter of which had originally been sung by Miss Lottie Collins.

ADA BLANCHE.



ON THE OCCASION OF AN EARLY APPEARANCE IN PANTOMIME: MISS ADA BLANCHE AS MORGIANA IN “THE FORTY THIEVES,” AT SADLER’S WELLS.

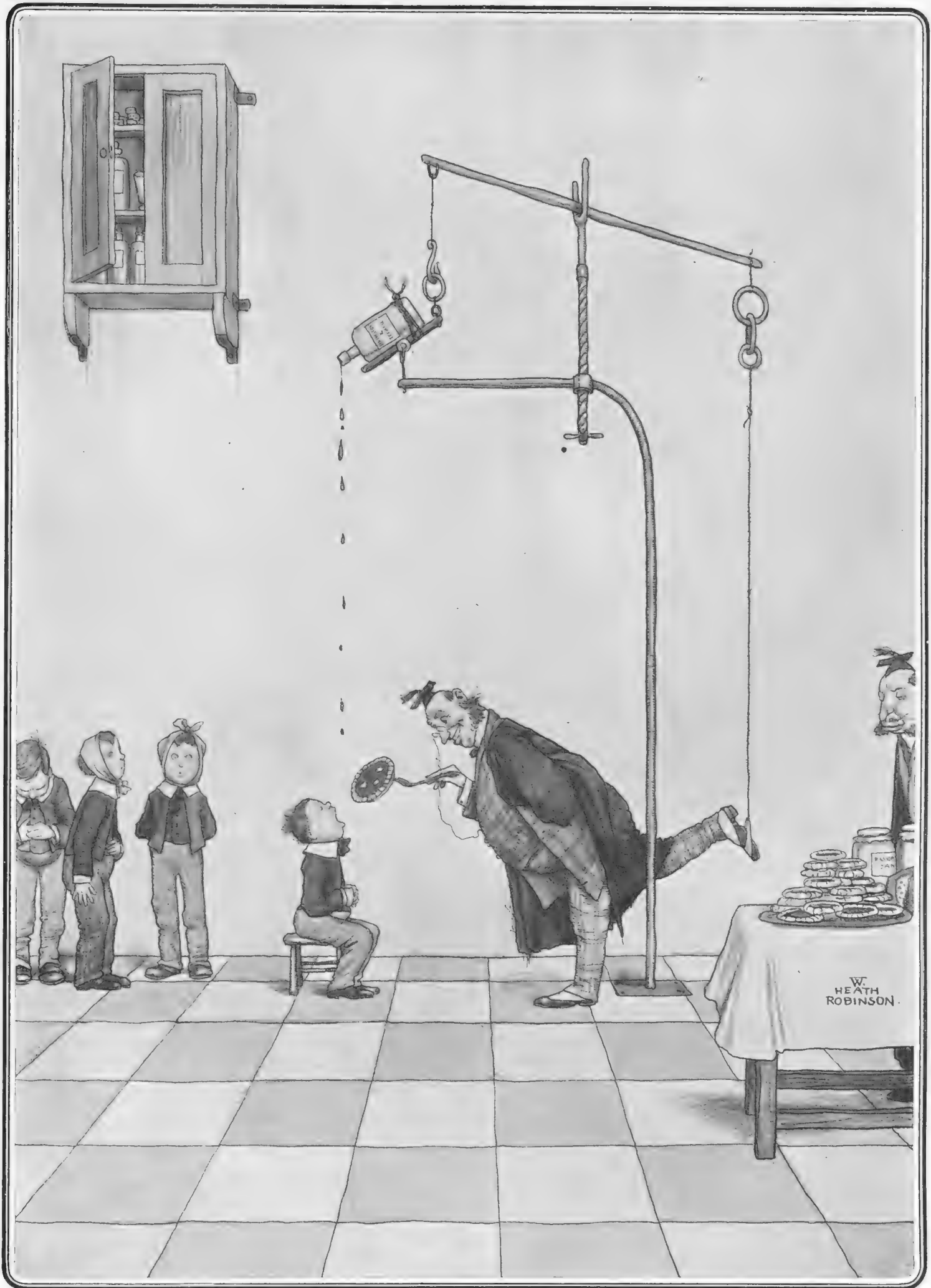


DURING HER FIRST APPEARANCE, AS A CHILD, MISS ADA BLANCHE AT THE ADELPHI, AS SHE WAS WHEN SHE SANG “BUY A BROOM.”



DURING HER FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: MISS ADA BLANCHE AS SHE WAS WHEN SHE SANG “MARGUERITE.”

Half-Hours at Eton.—By W. Heath Robinson.



V.—MEDICINE MORNING.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

GEORGE ROBEY OPENS THE LOCKED DOOR.*

MR. GEORGE ROBEY gives us "Pause"—and furiously to think. As music-hall comedian he is famous; now, it would seem, he is consumed with desire to show that he possesses qualities other than those which create the titter, the smile, the laugh, and the loud guffaw. It is not invariably easy to follow him along the mazy paths of philosophy, to recognise the ends for which he strives in this unfamiliar phase of his existence. Even the writer of the "Prefatory Notice" to his book, who gives but "Herne Hill, February 13, 1910," as clue to his identity, acknowledges that difficulty. "I recognise," he says, "the impossibility of at once making manifest his subtly warring qualities of philosopher and poet, sybarite and ascetic, and of painting the man in faithful colours. The Chaldean, Iamblichus of Ephesus, might have welcomed him as a disciple; the soul of Savonarola burned with no more lurid defiance of hedonism; and, withal, the man—hedonist, altruist, Pagano-Christian, a son of Sybaris at the feet of Zeno—is to the world notable only for his cheery personality and disdain of sophistry. . . . Of that hour when, standing in a solitude margined about by London's millions, he first opened the locked door, to yield a glimpse of the treasury of his mind, I shall not speak here. But of those later occasions when, carried on by the restless tide of a busy thoroughfare, speeding through deserted streets and silent highways, seated, amid volumes ancient and rare, with pottery of Japan, gods of Egypt, peeping from the Athenian shadows, he talked and I wrote—or he wrote, the while I was silent—be it said that they afforded me an unique prospect of that tumultuous mind."

Let us look into the nature of these things of which the enthusiast speaks. First, then, Mr. Robey believes "By the exercise of an obscure faculty—and thus alone—may man know grandeur and look upon beauty. That faculty—that art—call it what you will—is Detachment. . . . How shall the World ever learn the Truth? Who shall sing us the Song of the Ages? Not the Poet; for he thinks in terms of metre, and has not ears to hear. Who shall portray for us the loveliness of Nature? Not the Painter; for he thinks in terms of colour, and has not eyes to see. Who shall reveal to us the grandeur of Heaven? Not the priest; for he thinks in terms of dogma, and has not the soul to know. . . . By the culture of the power to express we stifle the power to perceive!"

Again, "Life is akin to flame; and all that is true to the hidden precepts of nature must be at one with fire. Passion is fiery, and, moreover, flammiferous: every potent atom of human vitality is a spark—a fiery spark. . . . Look to the Sun! There is the key to the locked door. How did our remote ancestor come to conceive his axe? How did Shakespeare come to conceive his tragedies? How does any man create? Look to the Sun. Let us not talk of this one's initiative and of that one's genius: rather let us study the intricacies of the ants' kingdom. Human arrogance—be still!

Children of the Sun, alike, ye earthworms and ye throned monarchs! . . . When shall a teacher arise who shall be hearkened to? When shall we warm our souls at the Holy Fire?—souls chilled and numbed in the glacial ice of Dogma. 'On what day shall we fashion a true creed upon that which is proclaimed in the Word of the Wisest—Life is akin to flame?' Further, he says: "As a visible emblem of the things beyond—as something

whereto we may direct our adoration—the Sun is at once the most comprehensible and the most worthy. The Sun is something we can see, and whose direct influence we can appreciate. It is at once the most intimate and the most remote manifestation of the Creator's existence." Thus a "star" on the sun!

In other moods, Mr. Robey is no less prodigal of phrase; in his Hypotheses, Theorems, and Parables he scorns the set sentence. Hear him in the grim "Quetzalcoatl": "I am doomed to the . . . mercies of the priests of Quetzalcoatl! . . . God! What is that he holds in his hand? It is the obsidian knife! It is the priests who come—up the Teocalli! . . . It is the priests, Pepita . . . Pepita! Pepita! Hold me closer . . . the obsidian knife! Ah! . . . Fiends of darkness! . . . Mercy! mercy! Have you no bowels of compassion! I am a man of flesh and blood, as you are! No! . . . No! NO! . . . Not the knife . . . not . . . ah . . .!" Then, in "The Spirit Visible," there are these purple passages: "In a distant Isle of the great, calm Sea, that men call the

Sea of Shem, there was a youth whose beauty shone as that of a god; and his name was Uatch, and the Isle was the Isle of Del Irreum." (Mr. Robey claims "poet's license" for this: it is "delirium"! . . . "This was the Voice of Desire that called upon Uatch, the youth of the Isle, that summoned him to the Gate, that taunted him with the Glow of Manhood, and reproached him with the Lotus of his Soul. Arising from amid his court of flowers, the youth shook out stray, loving petals that clung to his robe, and, casting back the locks that clustered about his brow, seized his staff and strode off to the heart of the Isle.")

These quotations, surely, will make it abundantly evident that Mr. Robey's is a book to be read by those interested in the unusual. To clinch the matter, and assure a purchase, let us give yet one more, to illustrate the author's style when handling the weird: "The study was rectangular in shape, and at the end furthest from the door, upon a violet-carpeted daïs, approached by three steps, stood a small altar of polished ebony, flanked upon either side by a slender marble pillar bearing an antique lamp. The fitful light of these lamps furnished the only illumination—

for the windows were closely shuttered. . . . Face upwards upon the black slab lay the unwrapped mummy of a woman, and huddled before the altar in her night robes, the dim blue light shining upon the burnished copper of her hair and lending an unearthly colour to the white arms that were thrown across the ghastly relic, was the body of Mrs. Slade Antiman!"

Certainly, read "Pause": it will give you furiously to think.



THE EFFECT OF FENIMORE COOPER ON THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH: MILLIONAIRES' YOUNGSTERS AS REDSKINS.



CHILDREN OF THE VERY RICH RETURN TO THE PRIMITIVE LIFE: HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS INSPIRED BY STORIES OF THE REDSKINS.

* "Pause." By George Robey. (Greening. 1s. net.)

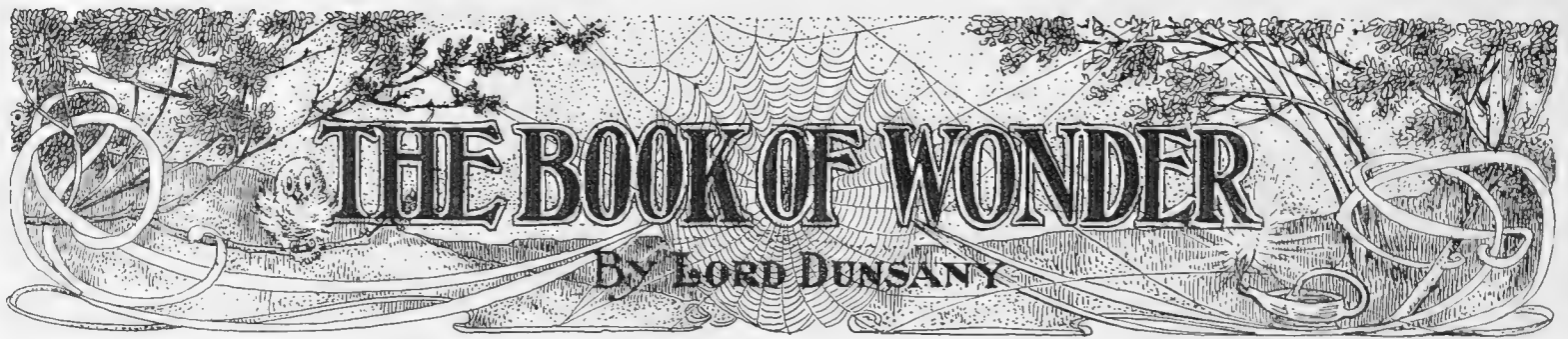
ALL DIP - ENDS !



STUART REID 10

THE FARMER (who has been "perching" for a couple of days during flood-time) : Wonder wot 'll 'appen when the old mare gets thirsty ?

DRAWN BY STUART REID.



EPISODE I.—THE INJUDICIOUS PRAYERS OF POMBO THE IDOLATER.

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Page 3 of Supplement.)

POMBO the idolater had prayed to Ammuz a simple prayer, a necessary prayer, such as even an idol of ivory could very easily grant, and Ammuz had not immediately granted it. Pombo had therefore prayed to Tharma for the overthrow of Ammuz, an idol friendly to Tharma, and in doing this offended against the etiquette of the gods. Tharma refused to grant the little prayer. Pombo prayed frantically to all the gods of idolatry, for though it was a simple matter, yet it was very necessary to a man. And gods that were older than Ammuz rejected the prayers of Pombo, and even gods that were younger, and therefore of greater repute. He prayed to them one by one, and they all refused to hear him; nor at first did he think at all of that subtle, divine etiquette against which he had offended. It occurred to him all at once as he prayed to his fiftieth idol, a little green-jade god whom the Chinese know, that all the idols were in league against him. When Pombo discovered this he resented his birth bitterly, and made lamentation and alleged that he was lost. He might have been seen then in any part of London haunting curiosity-shops and places where they sold idols of ivory or of stone, for he dwelt in London with others of his race, though he was born in Burmah among those who hold Ganges holy. On drizzly evenings of November's worst his haggard face could be seen in the glow of some shop pressed close against the glass, where he would supplicate some calm cross-legged idol till policemen moved him on. And after closing hours back he would go to his dingy room, in that part of our capital where English is seldom spoken, to supplicate little idols of his own. And when Pombo's simple, necessary prayer was equally refused by the idols of museums, auction-rooms, shops, then he took counsel with himself and purchased incense and burned it in a brazier before his own cheap little idols, and played the while upon an instrument such as that wherewith men charm snakes. And still the idols clung to their etiquette. Whether Pombo knew about this etiquette and considered it frivolous in the face of his need, or whether his need, now grown desperate, unhinged his mind, I know not, but Pombo the idolater took a stick and suddenly turned iconoclast.

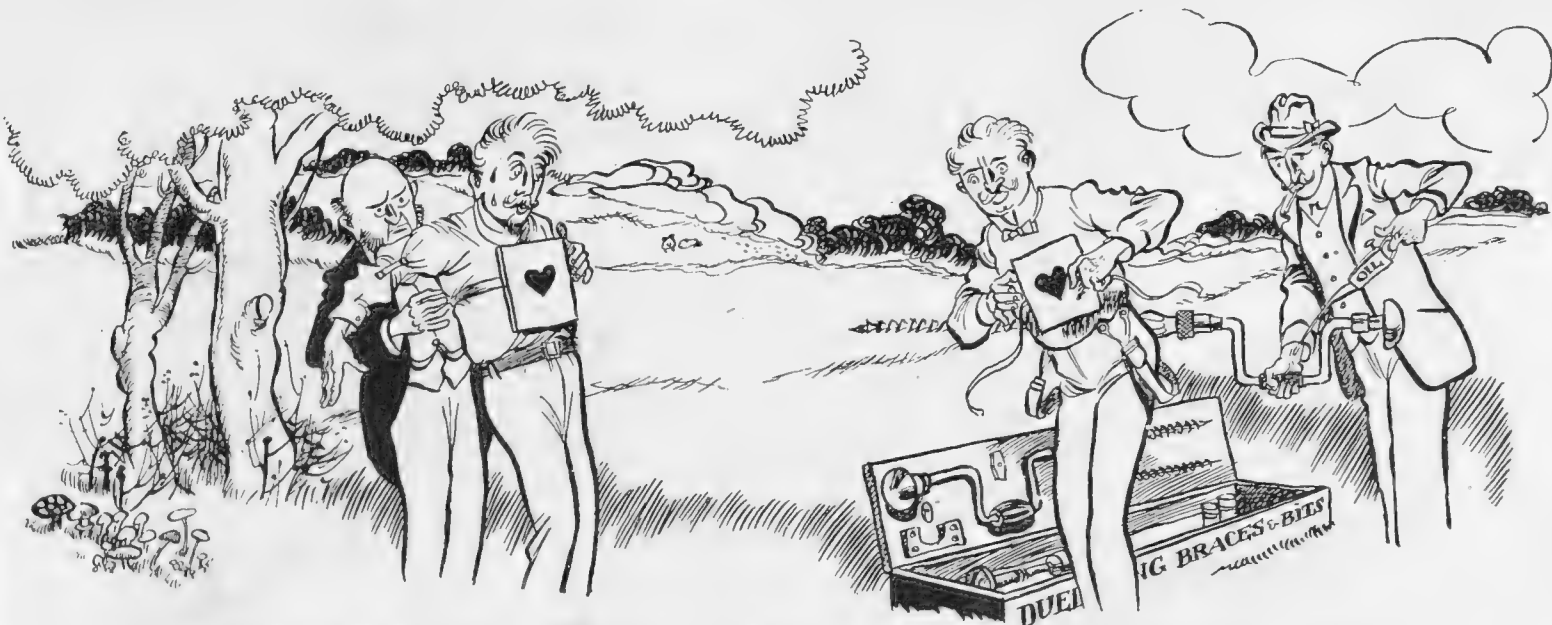
Pombo the iconoclast immediately left his house, leaving his idols to be swept away with the dust and so to mingle with Man, and went to an arch-idolater of repute who carved idols out of rare stones, and put his case before him. The arch-idolater who made idols of his own rebuked Pombo in the name of Man for having broken his idols—"for hath not Man made them?" the arch-idolater said; and concerning the idols themselves he spoke long and learnedly, explaining divine etiquette, and how Pombo had offended, and how no idol in the world would listen to Pombo's prayer. When Pombo heard this he wept and made bitter outcry, and cursed the gods of ivory and the gods of jade, and the hand of Man that made them, but most of all he cursed their etiquette that had undone, as he said, an innocent man; so that at last that arch idolater, who made idols of his own, stopped in his work upon an idol of jasper for a king that was weary of Wōsh, and took compassion on Pombo, and told him that though no idol in the world would listen to his prayer, yet only a little way over the edge of it a certain disreputable idol sat who knew nothing of etiquette, and granted prayers that no respectable god would ever consent to hear. When Pombo heard this he took two handfuls of the arch-idolater's beard and kissed them joyfully, and dried his tears and became his old impertinent self again. And he that carved from jasper the usurper of Wōsh explained how in the village of World's End, at the furthest end of Last Street, there is a hole that you take to be a well, close by the garden wall, but that if you lower yourself by your hands over

the edge of the hole, and feel about with your feet, till they find a ledge, that is the top step of a flight of stairs that takes you down over the edge of the World. "For all that men know, those stairs may have a purpose and even a bottom step," said the arch-idolater, "but discussion about the lower flights is idle." Then the teeth of Pombo chattered, for he feared the darkness, but he that made idols of his own explained that those stairs were always lit by the faint blue gloaming in which the World spins. "Then," he said, "you will go by Lonely House and under the bridge that leads from the House to nowhere, and whose purpose is not guessed, thence past Maharrion, the god of flowers, and his high-priest, who is neither bird nor cat, and so you will come to the little idol Duth, the disreputable god that will grant your prayer." And he went on carving again at his idol of jasper for the king who was weary of Wōsh, and Pombo thanked him and went singing away, for in his vernacular mind he thought that "he *had* the gods." It is a long journey from London to World's End, and Pombo had no money left, yet within five weeks he was strolling along Last Street; but how he contrived to get there I will not say, for it was not entirely honest. And Pombo found the well at the end of the garden beyond the end house of Last Street, and many thoughts ran through his mind as he hung by his hands from the edge, but chiefest of all those thoughts was one that said the gods were laughing at him through the mouth of the arch-idolater, their prophet, and the thought beat in his head till it ached like his wrists . . . and then he found the step.

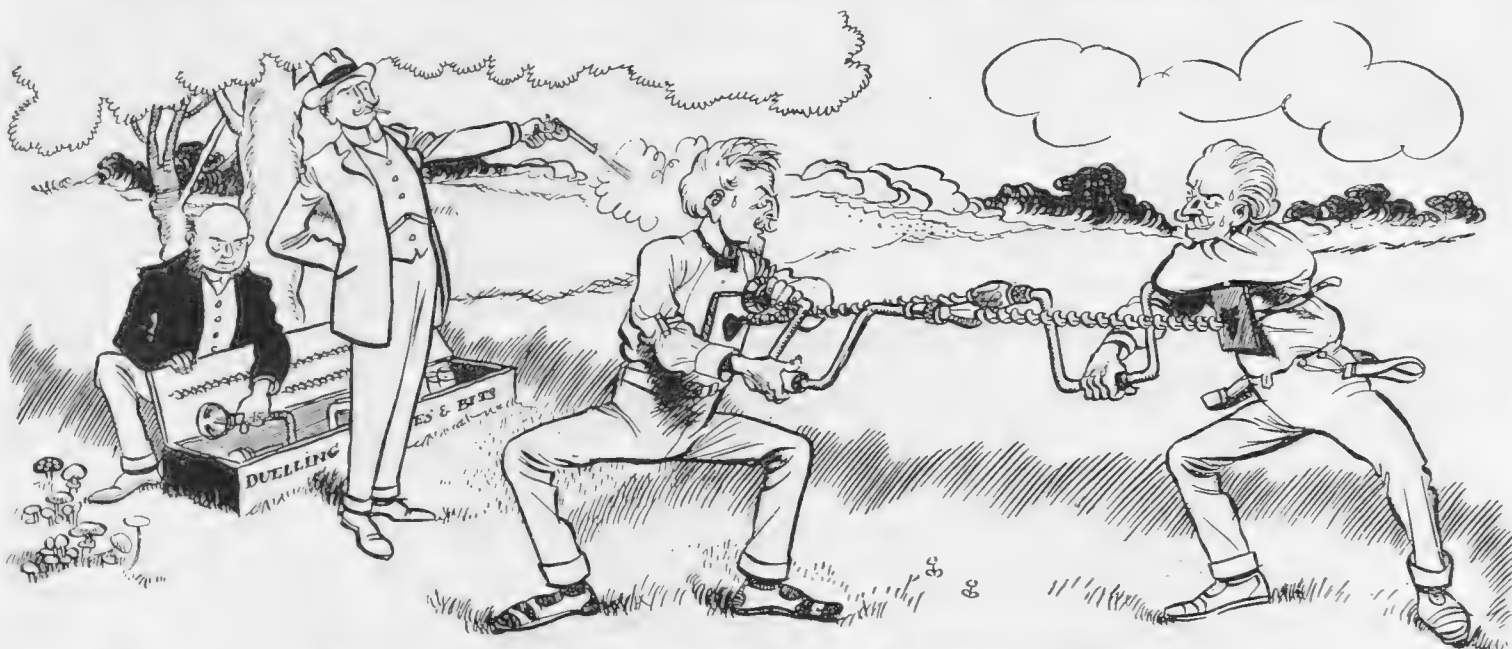
And Pombo walked downstairs. There, sure enough, was the gloaming in which the world spins, and stars shone far off in it faintly; there was nothing before him as he went downstairs but that strange blue waste of gloaming, with its multitudes of stars and comets plunging through it on outward journeys, and comets returning home. And then he saw the lights of the bridge to Nowhere, and all of a sudden he was in the glare of the shimmering parlour-window of Lonely House; and he heard voices there pronouncing words, and the voices were nowise human, and but for his bitter need he had screamed and fled. Halfway between the voices and Maharrion, whom he now saw standing out from the world, covered in rainbow halos, he perceived the weird grey beast that is neither cat nor bird. As Pombo hesitated, chilly with fear, he heard those voices grow louder in Lonely House, and at that he stealthily moved a few steps lower, and then rushed past the beast. The beast intently watched Maharrion hurling up bubbles that are every one a season of spring in unknown constellations, calling the swallows home to unimagined fields, watched him without even turning to look at Pombo, and saw him drop into the Linlunlarna, the river that rises at the edge of the World, the golden pollen that sweetens the tide of the river, and is carried away from the World to be a joy to the Stars. And there before Pombo was the little disreputable god who cares nothing for etiquette and will answer prayers that are refused by all the respectable idols. And whether the view of him, at last, excited Pombo's eagerness, or whether his need was greater than he could bear that it drove him so swiftly downstairs, or whether, as is most likely, he ran too fast past the beast I do not know, and it does not matter to Pombo; but at any rate, he could not stop, as he had designed, in attitude of prayer at the feet of Duth, but ran on past him down the narrowing steps, clutching at smooth bare rocks till he fell from the World as, when our hearts miss a beat, we fall in dreams and wake up with a dreadful jolt; but there was no waking up for Pombo, who still fell on towards the incurious stars, and his fate is even one with the fate of Slith.

THE END.

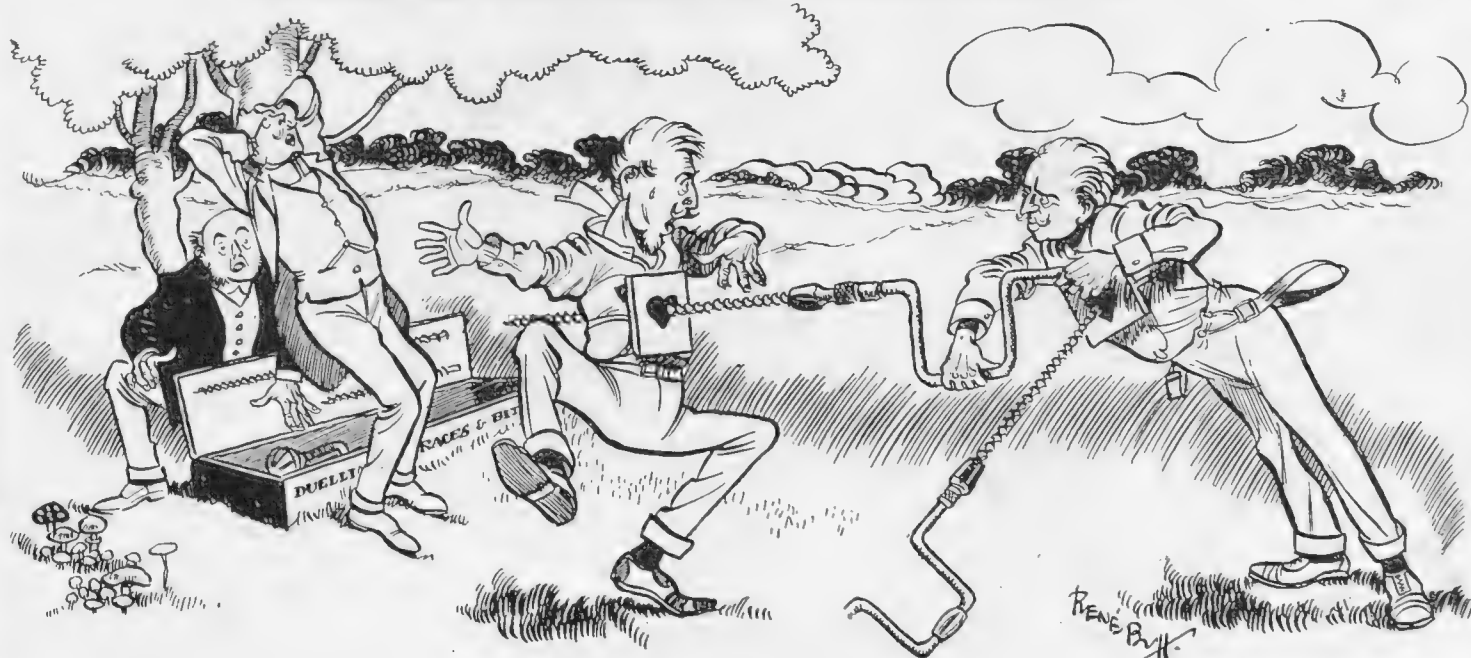
THE SCREW-UP-YOUR-COURAGE DUEL.



WHY NOT THE BRACE AND BIT DUEL A PIECE OF INCH BOARD IS STRAPPED OVER THE HEART OF EACH COMBATANT



.... THE BRACES ARE PLACED IN POSITION AND WHEN THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN



THE MAN WHO GETS THROUGH FIRST WINS

QUITE A BORING AFFAIR: SATISFYING HONOUR — NEW STYLE.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

NOT GREEN, ANYWAY!



THE RECTOR (at election time): Well, Kemp, are you Pink or Blue?

KEMP (a moderate man): I don't 'ardly know, Parson. I be a Free Trader, but I be dead agin 'Ome Rule:
I reckon I must be a kind o' 'eliotrope.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

KEYNOTES

It is difficult to make a new departure in music at a time when every avenue leading either to usefulness or to distinction would appear to be crowded; but Miss Esther Swainson has succeeded. Hitherto she has been known best in the profession as a capable and clever 'cellist, one who has lived and studied on the Continent, and has been taught the 'cello by the greatest living master of the instrument, Señor Don Pablo Casals, whom London does not hear often enough. Perhaps the soundness of her own training has enabled Miss Swainson to realise how very little the rank-and-file of young musicians know about musical history, or the evolution that has brought about modern forms. While many of our schools and colleges turn out fairly satisfactory executants, grown-up girls and boys who can read passably at sight, and could say something about the construction of a symphony or a sonata, it is but a very small percentage that knows anything about the history of music. To raise the low standard of knowledge Miss Esther Swainson, assisted by her sister as pianist and Miss Alice Mandeville as singer, is giving a series of lectures dealing with the growth and development of musical form. These lectures, two in number, are accompanied by illustrations vocal and instrumental, and should prove to be of the greatest value to big educational institutions throughout the country. They were heard to great advantage recently at Leighton House.

I have no space in which to deal at length with these lectures, but the briefest outline of the road they follow may be interesting to my readers, as it was to me. They tell how the Greeks found their scale and the traditional stories of lyre and flute, of the old Greek modes and how the Church replaced them by simple chants, to which, in time, harmony and counterpoint were added. Pope Gregory and Palestrina are credited with their notable work, and the rise of folk-songs and art-songs is explained. The Council of Trent and its designs upon music, the Elizabethan madrigals, the first opera (Peri's "Eurydice," 1600), and the development of instrumental music in the hands of Purcell, Corelli, Scarlatti, John Bull, and others—all these matters receive attention and illustration; and the second lecture passes on to Bach and his Passion Music, to Beethoven, to Brahms. It is a long road to cover in two journeys, but the ladies who have undertaken the excursion are all serious and capable musicians, they have thrown themselves into the work with enthusiasm, and it is long since anything of equal value has been done in the interests of complete training. In the light of history, the dry bones of Musical theory live; without that light, they are so dead and unattractive that few study them save as a duty. Doubtless Miss Swainson and her colleagues will suffer from the sincere flattery of imitation; but they are first in the field.

That the tendency is towards more care and consideration is evidenced amply enough in the country just now. A few years ago

Christmas carols were one of the terrors of the winter season. The lads of the villages would band themselves together, and, armed with two, or at most three, specimens of the carol, and several unmusical instruments, would make night hideous, playing such fantastic tricks under high Heaven as made the angels weep. To-day in several villages known to me the choirmaster has taken the carol-singers in hand. The voices are selected, we have part-singing; one or two stringed instruments are played by amateurs, who submit to being drilled in their work; in some villages there is quite a good cornet-player. The result is eminently satisfactory to all concerned. Lads and men work with a will at rehearsals, and when they set out they are good enough to be heard and to be rewarded. I am told that, in the districts I know best, the rewards have been quite appreciable in the past two years; of old time there were more curses than halfpence for those who, like Macbeth, did murder sleep. Doubtless, in a few years, the old fashion in carol-singing will be forgotten; and if the carols associated with it can go too, there should be few complaints. But if you were to ask those who take part in the season's entertainment, given under the new conditions, to tell you how the carol first came into our country, it is probable that there would be no intelligent response. I have gone so far as to try, and the general opinion would seem to be that the carol, like Topsy, "grewed." This is, perhaps, true, but is hardly complete. The history of the carol is full of a real human interest. Of old time it was a dance accompanied by a song; the dance passed, the song remains. There are Easter carols and summer carols—the Christmas variety is no more than one of several. It is probable that this last was the direct outcome of the early festivals associated with the anniversary of the birth of Christ, the season that the Church adopted from the Saturnalia of paganism.

It would be trespassing upon Miss Swainson's province and the limits of my space to pursue a fascinating subject, but I may suggest that a lecture devoted to the ancient and modern history of the carol, with vocal illustrations, would provide a very seasonable subject for this period of the year. It would serve, too, to bring the glad tidings to those who look after carol-singers that the whole repertory has not been exhausted when such gems as "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," and "All the Night Bright Angels Sing," have retired to well-earned oblivion. There are countless old works that would bear revival, and might be rewritten to suit our modern developments; and it should not be forgotten that some of our modern composers have written carols.

As I write, the memory of Tchaikovsky's beautiful "Legend" comes back to me, a little song full of the spirit and beauty of the best carols. Doubtless there are many more, but memory is at times a stubborn jade, and refuses just now to face obstacles.

COMMON CHORD.



THE COMPOSER OF "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" AT BAGNI DI LUCCA: SIGNOR GIACOMO PUCCINI WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.

Puccini's new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," was produced in New York the other day, and is said to have caused there a sensation equal to that brought about in London by the production of Richard Strauss's "Salome." The libretto is from David Belasco's popular drama of the same name.

Photograph supplied by Miss Mennie.



WITH THE HEAD THAT IS A FORBIDDEN THING IN ENGLAND: FRÄULEIN SIGNE VON RAPPE, WHO APPEARED AT COVENT GARDEN LAST WEEK AS SALOME.

On Monday of last week, Mme. Aïno Ackté having to sing at Edinburgh on that night, Fräulein von Rappe appeared as Salome at Covent Garden in the much-discussed Richard Strauss opera. Fräulein von Rappe, who is a daughter of General von Rappe, who a few years ago was Swedish Minister of War, has appeared as Salome in Germany and at Vienna a number of times, and Herr Strauss considers her one of the best impersonators. Like Mme. Ackté, she dances as well as sings. It may be again noted, perhaps that the head of John the Baptist, called in the version revised for England "a Prophet," is not shown on the stage: a charger takes its place.—(Photograph by G. Kirsch.)



By HENRY LEACH.

Golf at Christmas.

When people say, "I suppose there is a kind of stoppage of golf at Christmas, anyhow," do not answer them. Just assume a certain air of austerity and ignore the question. It is merely the old trick in a new disguise, and it is tried on me every year. They simply want to get you away from golf and entice you into some other way of spending Christmas. To argue with such, not merely non-golfers, but anti-golfers



MR. H. W. FORSTER.

Photograph by Sport and General.

(though, to be sure, there is often a considerable sameness between these people, the twain being as one) is often fatal. The wise golfer keeps his own counsel. Perhaps it may be the fact that there is not quite so much golf for the two or three days of the Christmas holiday as is generally the case, though I do know places where the Christmas golfing gatherings are of the largest proportions; and you need not fancy that this is only where it is warm, as in the South of France, for if any of you kind and prospectively merry gentlemen will see or read of what is going on at Euston, King's Cross, and certain other railway stations, you will discover that quite a number of sensible people are going to Scotland for a golfing Christmas; and those who have done this thing aforetime tell me that it is excellent, and that you do not really appreciate the richness of life until you have played at North Berwick on a bright morning about Christmas-time. Go to Deal, Sandwich, Rye, Littlestone, Felixstowe, or any of the other popular places in the home golfing district, and you will find that there is no paucity of golf at Christmas. And nobody enjoys his Christmas like the golfer who gets his full exercise before food—as others often do not. The Christmas golf dinner-parties that I have attended have been the most excellent things. You are always supposed to believe each other rather more than usual on these occasions, and to listen sympathetically in the goodwill-to-all-men spirit to the tales that are told you by the other people concerning their golfing exploits. But it is not a good thing to play tricks with your Christmas golf. It should be taken as seriously as ever to be enjoyed.

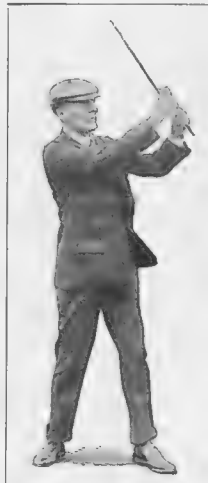


MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

golfer had no control, best fitted him for success at this most extraordinary game, which baffles most of us as no other could ever do. When the question of temperament was being considered one of the witnesses came forward with a most important piece of evidence to the effect that he had discovered that

a great majority of the most famous golfers had been born in the depths of winter. There is a great crowd of them, including Braid and Willie Park, with birthdays in February, one of the coldest months of the year; and in March there are several others, including Sherlock (who, with Braid, has been one of the two chief professionals of the present year), J. H. Taylor, Mr. Balfour Melville, Mr. Norman Hunter, Mr. C. E. Dick, Mr. Osmund Scott, and others. Coming back, both Mr. Hilton and the late F. G. Tait, who were such close rivals, had their birthdays within a day of each other in January. This seemed to be a most extraordinary thing, and it was put to the commission, as we may call it, that birth in the cold season conduced to the establishment of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, such as was best suited for golf. The evidence of certain old wives was taken, and it strongly supported this view, the excellent ladies saying it was a well-understood thing with experienced mothers that temperaments were affected in this way. To prove the rule by exceptions, we examined the summer months and found that the three men of quickest temperament, as opposed to the phlegmatic, who had succeeded in golf—being Harry Vardon, Massy, and George Duncan—were all born in the summer, the first-named in May, the next in July, and the other in September.



MAJOR SEELY.

Photo. by Sport and General.



MR. MASTERMAN.

Photograph by Illus. Bureau.



Photograph by W. G. P.

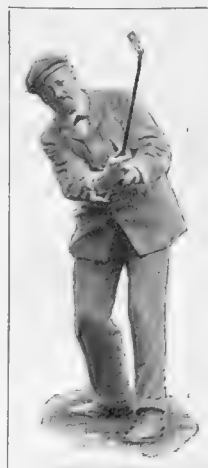
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

NOT AT GENERAL ELECTION
TIME: POLITICIANS AT GOLF.

A Question of Temperament.

Christmas always reminds those who know nearly everything about golf of one most important and interesting circumstance. There is a preamble to the mention of it. Some years ago a deep investigation was carried out by a number of golf theorists, of whom the writer was one, with a view to discovering what natural advantages, over which the

of his family and found out—that his birthday was on Christmas Eve! Is not that very wonderful? For Mr. Ball is the greatest amateur golfer we have ever had, and has won the amateur championship seven times, while no other man has ever won it more than twice; and he is also the only man who has ever won the open and amateur championships in the same year. This year he beat his own record by winning the amateur event for the seventh time, so we will wish him a joyous birthday on Saturday, when he is forty-eight. No man ever had such a golfing temperament. Little wonder that he was born on Christmas Eve!



DR. MACNAMARA.

Photo. by Sport and General.



MR. A. V. HAMBRO.

Photograph by M. Dixon.

A Christmas Birthday.

From this it was argued that anyone born at Christmas-time, which was looked upon as the depth of winter and yet was a merry and bright kind of period all the same, ought to be a very fine golfer. But no golfer we knew of had a birthday then. We could account for all of them but one, and that was Mr. John Ball. This famous and excellent gentleman never gives any particulars about himself, which was why nobody knew when his birthday was, and the golf annuals were silent on the subject, but I communicated with a member

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Satisfactory Lamp Trials.

It is true that the Royal Automobile Club held lamp trials some time ago, but I have never regarded the results as of much value to the user, more particularly for the reason that all the trials were made from stationary lamps and not under conditions of vibration and draught which would obtain in actual use. Motor-cyclists, however, appear to be in better case, for the lamp trials to be held in February next by the Auto-Cycle Union are to be made under running conditions. Before photometric trials, with which the R.A.C. were content alone, the lamps submitted will be tried in action on machines on the Brooklands track for two hours at a stretch, and at a minimum speed of twenty-five miles per hour, under continuous observation. The photometric trials will be made immediately after the conclusion of the practical trial, which, from what we know of speed at Brooklands, will be severe enough. Finally, the machines, with their lamps burning, will be driven along one of the dark and winding roads within the grounds, to test the light-penetration when rounding tree-lined corners and ascending hills. Will not the R.A.C. try again, taking a leaf out of the A.C.U.'s book?

Astonishing Acceleration.

Some time since, and only after careful examination and a convincing trial run, I spoke here in high terms of the 15-h.p. four-cylinder Argyll, and prophesied great favour for this type. I then remarked at some length upon the great flexibility of the engine, a feature after which every engine-builder strives to-day, and not always with entire success. My prophecy in this particular is now, I am glad to say, most completely endorsed by the results of some flexibility trials to which a single-seated 15-h.p. Argyll touring chassis has been subjected at Brooklands. Mr. W. G. Scott first covered a mile on this car at a speed of sixty-four miles per hour, and subsequently succeeded in accelerating from a standing start up to a speed of forty-five miles per hour inside a quarter of a mile. This is what one might call bounding

into it; it is indeed wonderful acceleration for an engine of the dimensions of the 15-h.p. Argyll, which are 80 mm. (equals $3\frac{1}{8}$ in.) bore by 120 mm. (equals $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.) stroke.

"Hard Trials for Those Cars."

Manufacturers who accept Government orders for motor-cars have a hard

Napiers for official use in our Over-Seas Dominions. During the test the 15 h.p. Napier, fully equipped and carrying a load of five passengers, achieved a ton mileage of 55.1. After a long trial the cars were dismantled, and upon being closely scrutinised for wear, none was found. In order to equip these cars for their special service they were fitted with hoods for protection against the sun, an extra petrol-tank on one step, and a special tool-box on the other. They had a special clearance of 10 or 12 inches; and extra large radiators, the water in which, after a long run, must not show more than 100 deg. Fah. over shade temperature. Also it was required that the fully loaded car should be stopped on a grade of 1 in 7, there held stationary by the brakes, and re-started from rest on that grade without difficulty.

Official Contradictions. An anxious medico has written to a motoring journal urging the necessity of head-lamps swinging with the front wheels, in order that a clear view may be given of a road into which the motorist is turning. Clearly he has done this without knowledge that a swivelling light can be classed as a searchlight, and so is forbidden by Art. II. (7) ii. of the Motor Cars (Use and Construction) Order, 1904, and consequently no mechanism to attain this very desirable end has ever been put upon the market, although devices for the purpose have been patented. But with that astounding contradiction and tergiversation which ever mark official documents, this precious production later on requires that "the lamps carried by a motor-car shall be so constructed and placed as to exhibit

a white light in the direction in which the car is proceeding, or is intended to proceed." Now when a car is steered to take a right-angled bend, it is intended that the car shall turn at right angles, but there are no lamps fitted to-day that throw a light in consonance, and the fact that they do not do so, but brightly and usefully illuminate the hedge or ditch, which is not "intended," is frequently very disconcerting to the driver. The President of the Local Government Board is asked to explain this apparent inconsistency.

Too Much Government.

We are governed too much in this country by local authorities. The L.C.C. has upon more than one occasion taken proceedings against motorists who have had cars in their possession for a very short time before taking

out a license, and then has even taken out summonses after the license has been obtained. I cannot instance one case in which the Council has succeeded, but I know of several in which it has failed, while the ratepayers pay the costs of their own persecution.



WITH THE OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGN OF HIS VICTORY IN THE INTERNATIONAL GORDON BENNETT AIRMANSHIP CONTEST IN THE UNITED STATES: MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME WHITE.

Mr. Claude Grahame White was entertained the other day, on his return from America, by the Royal Aero Club, and was then presented with the Gordon Bennett Cup, here shown. On a subsequent day Lord Roberts presented him with the gold medal of the Aerial League for his exploits in aviation during the present year. The ceremony took place in the presence of a distinguished gathering.—[Photograph by W.G.F.]

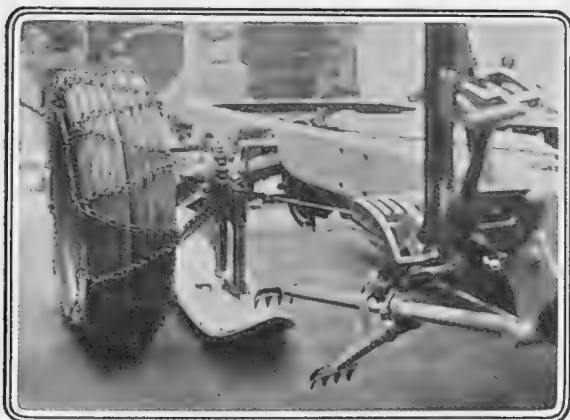


Photo. Rot.

A MOTOR-CAR IN "SNOW-SHOES": A BACK WHEEL OF A 20-H.P. MOTOR-SLEIGH SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR USE IN RUSSIA.

row to hoe. Tests and conditions of which the ordinary buyer, who takes so much for granted, would not dream are imposed and insisted upon. Realising that special attention has been paid to the design and construction of Napier cars for use in the Colonies, the Crown Agents lately placed an order for a batch of 15-h.p.

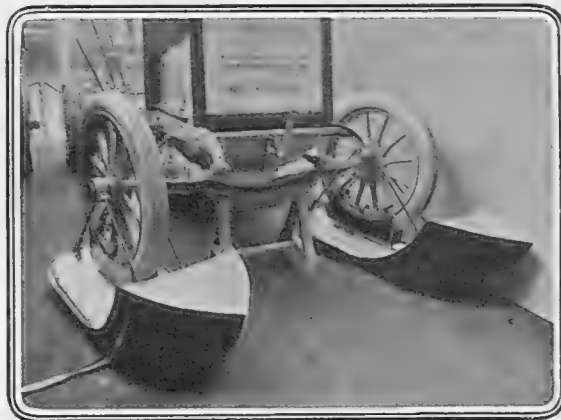


Photo. Rot.

A MOTOR-CAR IN "SNOW-SHOES": THE FRONT WHEELS OF A 20-H.P. MOTOR-SLEIGH, SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR USE IN RUSSIA.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Fences.

Some of the trainers complain that the steeplechase fences are too stiff, but in my opinion all the obstacles at every meeting should be built up to the Aintree standard. The late owner of The Lamb once told me that his horse would never have broken his back at Liverpool; but his fatal accident happened at a small fence at a little Hunt meeting. Those who have been accustomed to follow hounds will tell you that a good hunter likes something formidable to go at. He seldom comes to grief at a big fence, while he will, if in careless mood, come down at a small one. When I followed the Blackmore Vale, the East Dorset, and the South and West Wilts packs, thirty-five years ago, I never found the fences too big, but I sometimes came to grief at ditches about two yards wide. I remember on one occasion riding a show animal out with the Blackmore Vale. He was water-shy, although I did not know it beforehand. We came to a brook in the West Stour district, and it was not more than six feet wide. The animal refused fifty times if he did once, and after all I had to go round the road. On another occasion I rode a very fast mare that would not take timber. I was well aware of the fact, but we got fixed in one of the Stourton woods, with no chance of getting out except by jumping a stile about three feet high. On that occasion I rode for a tumble, and it was not half a one either; no bones broken, but



Photo. L.N.A.

MR. GEORGE FABER, WHO BOUGHT DUKE OF WESTMINSTER FOR 21,000 GUINEAS, AND RAN MALVA FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

POLITICIANS AND LOVERS OF
THE TURF: RACING MEN AND
THE GENERAL ELECTION.

euphonic about the call, but it denotes definition and quickly tells the public that the day's programme is completed. "All the winners" has been used on the boards, especially in music-hall programmes, hundreds of times since it became known, and it will take a long time to find a bill-line to beat it. It would, by-the-by, be interesting to discover how many evening papers were sold each day throughout the country on the cry of "All the winners." The total would run well into millions. Any student of human nature could learn something by watching the crowds after they have bought their evening papers, opened them, and read how they have fared on the day. The winner is all smiles, and the loser looks it. If it were possible at any time to substitute "All are winners," applying, of course, to the people who speculate, no doubt an improvement would be shown on the present results; but until this can happen, "All the winners" must, I predict, reign supreme.

Futures.

In another fortnight or so we shall be in possession of some of the entries for the Spring Handicaps, so that it will not be long before the vaticinators will be writing of the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National. I expect the nomination of both races will beat record, as the open winter has been in favour of the flat-racers, while there are plenty of good steeplechasers in



Photo. Lafayette.

MR. BERTRAM STRAUS, FORMERLY OWNER OF TEUFEL, NOW A SPECTATOR ONLY.



Photo. L.N.A.

MR. WALDORE ASTOR, OWNER OF WINKIPOP, A COMPARATIVE NEW-COMER TO THE TURF.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, FORMERLY OWNER OF SUNDRIDGE, BUT NO LONGER AN OWNER OF RACERS.



Photo. Kate Pragnell.

LORD NINIAN CRICHTON-STUART, WHO ONCE HAD HORSES IN TRAINING IN HALICK'S STABLE.

pressed ribs—a very bad form of accident, by-the-by. If I were riding in steeplechases I would much rather have a mount over the Aintree Course than chance my luck over some of the so-called qualifying tracks.

"All the Winners!"

Perhaps the best-known cry in the London streets is that of the newspaper-boys who, in the opinion of many sober citizens, make night hideous with their shouts of "All the winners!" I must plead guilty and ask for forgiveness for imposing this cry on the populace. Twenty-two years ago, to be exact, I was walking down the Strand and heard a man with a stentorian voice crying, "All the winners!" He might easily have been heard at Ludgate Circus; but the funny part of it was he only used the cry to sell my tips in the noon edition, and never thought of employing the useful catch-phrase at a time when he really had all the winners to sell. However, the call took my fancy, and after thinking it over for a minute or two, I adopted it for the contents-bill in the place of the old line, "Full Racing Results." The new-fangled notion "caught on" like wildfire, and it has never looked back. There is nothing



Photo. Lafayette.

COLONEL HALL WALKER, OWNER OF NUMEROUS WELL-KNOWN HORSES, AND BREEDER OF MINORU, KING EDWARD VII.'S THIRD DERBY-WINNER.

training just now. The entries already published for races to be run on the flat next year are far above the average, and there are more yearlings at exercise at Newmarket than has been the case for years. I am told that his Majesty the King owns some good youngsters that will come to hand early in the season. It is a thousand pities that the King cannot be represented in the Derby—unless his Majesty decides to buy or lease a candidate entered for the race. Many sportsmen would be delighted if this were done, as it gives a fillip to the event when the royal colours are carried. Many horses at the chief training quarters are being kept in work with a view to the Lincoln Handicap, but it would serve no good purpose at this stage to mention names. Indeed, I would suggest that this race be left severely alone until the numbers have gone up. One thing is certain—we have reached the stage when ante-post betting is no use as a guide to the actual position of affairs, unless it is read in a negative sense.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Hygienic Christmas.

The truly sane and hygienic way to spend Christmas, it seems, is to begin a fast three days before that festival, and to continue it until three days after the New Year. By this simple expedient you can, without offence, avoid all the deleterious dishes which people insist on your eating in the middle of the winter solstice whether you like them or not. There are well-meaning individuals, for instance, who, if you refuse mince-pies in their house, take the matter as a personal affront; while to hint that you do not revel in stuffed turkey is to appear unnatural in their eyes. There is therefore something pleasing and tactful about the idea of Christmas as a Fast and not as a Feast. The abstainer from plum-pudding and rum-punch would be looked upon as a patient undergoing an annual cure, and, if the custom were widely adopted, would excite no more comment than does any temporary invalid at Carlsbad or Buxton. Mr. Upton Sinclair, who has invented this singular "cure" for dyspepsia and other ills, declares that the fast is not an ordeal, but a "rest," and that, if it be persisted in, you can confidently reckon on losing all interest whatever in food. The system is at once so economical and salutary that it is quite possible fasting will become the last cry of fashion.

Taking in Each Other's Washing.

The only entertainments in the polite world just now consist of sales of work for charitable purposes, accompanied by tea and chatter. The objects offered may come from Macedonia or Lapland, but they have to be got rid of, with energy and determination, in that particular area of London which stretches from Buckingham Palace Road to Oxford Street. Now, as every feminine person of fashion within this modish region has her favourite "industry," which she is bound to encourage, the only resource for these ladies is that of the classic expedient of the shipwrecked islanders, who live, as we know, by taking in each other's washing. Thus, the woman who is offering wooden animals—to an accompaniment of muffins—in her own pretty drawing-rooms on Monday, must hasten, on Tuesday, to purchase Shetland shawls in the same square, and on Thursday must contribute dressed dolls to the great annual show at Blank House. To the impartial onlooker, it all looks like a prodigious waste of time, energy, and money, for these charitable fancy-fairs are not held without expense, and it is a point of honour that each hostess must hasten, once her own entertainment is over, and dressed in all her jewels and finery, to the support of all the other Sales in Mayfair.

Poetry and the Angry Waves.

At this time of the year, when so many of us have to face the raging winter Channel when we go holiday-making, a new and certain cure for sea-sickness—especially one which has not got to be taken internally, for these sometimes have a disconcerting and

disastrous effect—is one which we would all willingly investigate. This distressing malady is, of course, largely due to nerves, and that is why highly strung persons, such as fashionable ladies, Frenchmen, and Admirals in high command are apt to fall victims when more stolid and unimaginative individuals can brave it out without a qualm. It is for this reason, we are told, that if the mind is occupied total collapse cannot possibly occur, and the famous case of Henry Sidgwick, who used to recite poetry in a loud voice, and with appropriate gestures, 'twixt Dover and Calais, until implored by the captain to desist, because the more timid passengers thought him demented, is plainly a proof of this theory. Perhaps that admirable institution, the Poetry Recital Society, will take the matter in hand and hold classes for crossing the Channel, for it is needless to say that the mere mechanical repetition of verse is no antidote to the kind of sickness which we associate with the sea. The mind must be alert, the imagination active, the vocal chords resounding, the arms and hands should energetically express the emotions of the soul. All this requires expert training, if the impending traveller be of the more stolid order of Briton. Altogether, it is to be hoped that the experiment will be tried on a large scale, for the spectacle of a cross-Channel steamer on which everyone was rhetorically declaiming the finest verse at the same moment would be one which I, for one, would give much to behold.

Sir Edward Poynter on Woman.

Woman, it is clear, is getting seriously

encouraged by experts to distinguish herself in science and the arts. If Mme. Curie is once admitted among the Immortal Forty (in which she would have a better chance than most of her contemporaries of achieving lasting fame) one of the Bastilles will fall in the Woman's Revolution. Moreover, the feminine students of art are doing so well in every European country that they are proving serious rivals to men.

Sir Edward Poynter told the students of the Royal Academy the other night that they must look to their laurels, as in more than one competition they had been beaten by the girls. These, he had observed, were always more "earnest and assiduous" than the young men. It is a situation which may well give pause to the upholders of the old régime, for success in Academies is more disquieting even than success in golf.



DAINTY AND SEASONABLE: AN EVENING GOWN OF WHITE NINON EMBROIDERED WITH JET BEADS AND EDGED WITH SABLE FUR.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Rush— The Elections over, with a maximum of fuss and a minimum of result, there is but a breathless space to prepare for Christmas. Many a cherished scheme for private presents and for entertaining is given up because now there is no time for it. Even the children, the sovereigns of the Christmas season, are suffering from the political ferment into which we have so needlessly been thrown at the period consecrated to peace and goodwill. Tempers are being temporarily mislaid over the blocks in the streets and the rushes in the shops. Something of the festive spirit of Christmas will be wrested from the wreck, but it is only by the tempestuous shopping of this week that we can hope for the partial completion of Christmas plans, and, oh dear! how everyone loathes the thought of another Election, which scaremongers tell us Mr. Redmond is arranging for Coronation Week!

For Precious Possessions. There is much moving about at this festive season. People are on the move more or less if it is only to each other's houses. An acceptable and beautiful present, therefore, is one of the new and excellent jewel-boxes exclusively designed by Mr. Best, of Best and Co., 188, Sloane Street. The bottom partition is provided with a large loose pad, and takes chains and larger pieces, while on the tray are six flat compartments fitted with velvet movable pads and the usual ring-wedge. This is the practical way to carry jewellery. These boxes of improved shape and fine quality are yet moderate in price. The colour-schemes are charming.

A Distinguished Dinner Party. Never did I suppose that I should have the honour of dining with a company of contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," yet so it was. The dinner was to celebrate the part taken by women in the eleventh edition of the great work, and it took place in the big new room at the Savoy. Women were tempered by men, although the speakers, save the editor and chairman, were women, and learned and distinguished members of their sex. We all had menus bound like the luxurious eleventh edition, and including a few quotations such as the definition of woman in the first edition, "Woman, the female of Man, *sée Homo*." *Ma foi*, the female of man indeed! The truth no doubt, but by no means all the truth, and so the women speakers proved to us. Mrs. Despard was one of the guests, and looked semi-ascetic and handsome in a black dress and a white lace veil draped back from her head. Miss Emily Davies, LL.D., one of the pioneers of the Higher Education of Women, interested me immensely. I believe she is eighty-seven, and she has the sweetest old face, and wore the sweetest soft close cap and pretty white lace fichu, and she did most thoroughly enjoy herself. Mrs. Fawcett spoke, also Miss Janet Hogarth, Miss A. M. Anderson, M.A., and the Mistress of Girton. Gastronomically, the dinner was all that could be desired.

A Lovely Scented Rose. If anyone wants a gift to convey a charming sentiment and to be of a complimentary character, let me suggest a perfect French rose perfumed with the true delicate natural odour. Almost every woman wears in her coat, whether it be cloth, silk, or fur, just such a rose; she will wear it with special pleasure if it be sweetly scented and come to her from a friend. There is a deep red rose or a pale pink, La France, a Maréchal Niel, and a white. With a tiny flask for rescenting, daintily packed and post free, these pretty presents are 5s. 6d., or three for 15s.; they can be had from Miss Chantrey, 56, Maddox Street, W. The colour required should be stated.

Ring in the New. With the entry of 1911, wedding bells will be pealing merrily. Such a lot of marriages are fixed for next month, including those of Lady Violet Manners and Mr. Hugo Charteris, Miss Vera Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon (a last year's débutante) and Mr. John Guthrie (of the Irish Guards), Captain Edgar Brassey and Miss Margaret Trefusis,

Captain Harry Ravenhill and Miss Evelyn Trefusis; while weddings fixed for early in 1911 are those of the Marquess of Linlithgow and Miss Doreen Milner, Lord Worsley and Miss Alexandra Vivian, Lord Vivian and Mrs. Adrian Rose, Mr. Jasper Ridley and Countess Nathalie Benckendorff, Captain Street and Miss Eva Bruce.

A Pleasure for Everyone.

We all love a shampoo, and feel the fresher and the better for one. It is not always easy to get to the hairdresser, and some of us cannot afford his skilled ministrations. But we can shampoo ourselves, with ease and comfort, by the aid of the delicately perfumed and delightful "Cremex" powders. These powders are prepared by the Edwards Harlene Co., and are on sale at all chemists' and stores, in boxes marked one shilling each, containing six powders. A shampooing-vessel has also been prepared by this firm for mixing and containing the liquid. Its curious shape ensures a perfect grip even with wet hands, and the flow provides that just enough liquid is poured on the head. It is in clear blue glass, and can be had from any chemists or stores for one shilling.



A SHAMPOO TO-DAY, SIR—OR MADAM?
THE "CREMEX" SHAMPOO OUTFIT.
The Edwards Harlene Co.

For the Festive Season.

White evening gowns are always in favour at Christmas time: a spray of poinsettia, a cluster of holly berry, or a red rose make a thoroughly Yuletide touch on them. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a dress in white ninon, embroidered with jet beads, and edged with sable fur, which is quite suitable to the present festivities.

THE UNITED SERVICES RUGBY TEAM.

(See Illustrations.)

Although of late the United Services have scarcely shown their best form, they have given two or three displays this season that could hardly have been surpassed, as, for instance, their performance of October 22, when they defeated the Harlequins by a goal to nothing. Good as are the Services in all departments, their greatest strength lies in their pack. The forwards are deservedly famous. Captain W. L. Huntingford, of the R.M.A., and Lieutenant A. C. Bolton and H. C. Harrison, both of whom played for England in 1909, are scrummagers who have made their mark in United Services football during the last few years; others include Lieutenant N. A. Wodehouse, Lieutenant A. D. Warrington-Morris, and Lieutenant C. H. Abercrombie, the last-named of whom has represented Scotland. The Navy predominates in the side; it is the Senior Service in football as well as in a more important sphere. The Army, however, supplies an excellent three-quarter in the person of W. C. Wilson, who, when a member of the Richmond fifteen, appeared for England against Scotland and Ireland.

That was four years ago. Lieutenant G. H. D'Oyly Lyon, the full-back, has won recognition as one of the finest defenders ever seen on a Rugby field, and the only matter for surprise is that he has gained but two international caps: namely, against Scotland in 1908, and Australia in 1909. He captained the English side against Australia. There can be little doubt that the United Services will have several men in this season's national sides, and it would not be surprising to find England, after the various trials, restoring Lyon to his old place.

With reference to the regrettable motor-bus accident in Regent Street, which caused the death of two pedestrians, Messrs. E. George and Co., the well-known tailors, of 87, Regent Street, write to us that their business will not be interfered with during the repairs to their premises.

M. L. T. Piver, of Paris, the maker of the famous Le Trèfle Incarnat, Floramye, Azurea, Pompeia, and other Parisian perfumes, has now prepared a complete toilet series-redolent of his charming "Lariette" perfume. It comprises bottles of the extract itself at 5s. 6d. and upwards, face-powder at 3s. the box, toilet-soap at 7s. 3d. the box, silk sachets at 2s. 6d. each, and eau-de-toilette as well. The full series can be obtained through any first-class stores and perfumery houses in the United Kingdom.



NO MORE CUT TOWELS! A SET OF Y.S.C. SAFETY RAZORS.

The Y.S.C. Razor, made by the Yorkshire Steel Co., of 30n, Holborn, E.C., requires no cleansing beyond holding it under a tap for a few minutes. Housewives who have suffered from cut towels through the mere man wiping his razor on them should buy him a Y.S.C. The prices are 21s. or 31s. 6d. A free booklet and card working model can be had from the company.

Any motorist would welcome as a Christmas gift a set of Lodge Plugs, which may be obtained, put up in an attractive case, from Messrs. Lodge Brothers and Co., Dept. S., New Street, Birmingham. A remittance for 17s. (for a case of four), or of 25s. (for a case of six) should be sent with the order.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

CONFIDENCE in an immediate reduction of the Bank Rate has diminished, but now that the result of the Elections is practically settled, the boilermakers' strike over, and the South Wales miners about to resume work, we may hope that the public will turn some attention to the Stock Exchange, and especially to Home Rails, where the traffics continue good and the dividend prospects for the half-year are excellent. All round the House things are certainly more cheerful than they have been of late, and everybody is looking for better times in the New Year, despite the political outlook.

We are tired of printing repeated warnings against the cover-snatchers, who seem just now to be flooding the small investor with circulars containing the most mendacious statements, and guarantees against loss. Any reader who believes it is possible so to operate in stocks that you make a profit whichever way they move is a fool, and to protect fools against their own folly is, we fear, next door to impossible.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

It seems only right to say something about the Elections and Christmas, but if one has nothing new or striking to observe on either subject there is little sense in mentioning them. The Stock Exchange lost all practical interest in politics quite soon after the Elections began, when it found that faith in Mr. Balfour's embrace of the Referendum had been misplaced, and that there was no chance of the Unionists being returned to power. So it has come about that, to the Stock Exchange as a whole, the contest has proved singularly uninteresting, and there is much sickness among the staunch Unionists who sold bears of Majorities at anything over 110, and neglected to buy back at 50: for now the price stands about 125. The Settlement in them will be fixed by the date of the last polling return made, which will give the making-up price upon which all bargains must be settled.

I have heard dealers in the Consol Market—liberal supporters to Unionist party funds—admit *sotto voce* that there was at least one thing to be thankful for in the return of the Government, and that was the fact of the coming Navy Loan. Had the Unionists been successful, they whisper, there would have been a fifty-million Navy Loan; whereas, with the Liberals in, it will only mean twenty-five millions!

That Navy Loan is a thing to be borne in mind when the situation is being examined. That one would be a huge popular success can be prophesied without hesitation, but that other issues would ultimately have to suffer is a moral certainty. It would mean the most serious competitor Consols have yet had to meet, and the Funds could not avoid a sharp collision with it.

The Rubber Market is as dead as the non-business end of a doornail, and at present there is no sign of animation returning to it. Another boom can be dismissed as well-nigh impossible for, at any rate, several years to come. Disclosures of swindles will be far more common! There is little or no use in attempting to punt in the shares, and West Africans need not complain that their own feeble attempts at resurrection are likely to be strangled by activity in the adjacent market. Accordingly the Rubber section may be regarded now as a legitimate hunting-ground for the speculative investor who has an eye for 7 or 8 per cent. on his money without much risk, and with a chance of capital appreciation. Personally, I would prefer the shares of the younger Companies where good prospects exist to those of the high-priced concerns where dividends probably are not far from their top. There may be less return on the money for a while, but, in the long run, the lower-priced shares of the junior Companies can be counted upon to give a better run for one's money in the future.

Of such, Tebraus make a good example. The Company is already tapping and sending home the raw stuff. Very careful management is a feature, and the costs will be rigorously kept down. The capital is small, the outlook bright. Another good one is the Tremelby, a third the Sapong. United Serdangs and Sungei Kapar deserve to be mentioned, and Cheviots are thoroughly sound shares. It is useless to buy these on the expectation of seeing a rise to-morrow, next week, or that kind of thing. They may have to be held for a year, but in the end they will, under normal conditions, make extremely handsome returns. Rubber for another year or eighteen months will fluctuate between 5s. and 7s. per lb., and at the lower rate the producing Companies can, of course, make splendid profits. There is much eager scanning of the market reports from Mincing Lane for indications of the expected American demand, and in this direction I think the bulls will be doomed to disappointment. As a matter of fact, the United States people are buying even now, but quietly, and at Colombo and Para when they can, rather than in London, where any marked advertisement of their presence would have the effect of putting up the price of the raw stuff in a way which certainly could hardly please manufacturers. The less rubber that comes to London, the better for the industry, because this will keep the amounts offered at the sales within normal bounds, and prevent the appearance of glut which wholesale deliveries would cause.

But enough of this dry subject.

The furious rises in Cements and Anglo "A" have absorbed all the speculative interest in the Miscellaneous Market. They formed the subject of a funny little conversation yesterday. A broker came up to a jobber and asked him—

"Why are Cements so good?"

"Anglo 'A,'" was the reply.

"Anglo 'A'?" You can imagine for yourself the puzzled ring in the broker's voice. "Well, what's making Anglo 'A' so good?"

"Cements," said the jobber.

This completely mystified the broker, and he looked as if he didn't know whether to hit the jobber or pinch himself to see if he were awake. The jobber edged away a little bit, and when out of arm's-length, he condescended to explain—

"Going to amalgamate. See?"

The boom in Tea shares makes steady progress, and there is increasing difficulty in getting hold of them. Jetinga Valleys were mentioned here a few weeks back as good to buy at about a guinea, and I have just sold a few at 23s. 9d. Why the man let them go I don't know, because the price will probably harden up to 25s., anyway. Some of the Tea-and-Rubber things will be the next to move, and I rather fancy those little Duckwari shares at 3s., or near. If they go below 3s., they are distinctly worth having, because the Company is an old-established affair, and has been paying 20 per cent. on its original capital of

£20,000, which was raised last June to £50,000 and £45,000 issued, of which more than half is in 5 per cent. Preference shares. A quite good speculative lock-up, with 4s. coming on in course of time.

To buy for yourself as a thoroughly good gamble there are Southern Alberta Land options: the price is about 12s. Another Land Company where a sharp drop on a dividend unexpectedly low has given scope for talent is Argentine Southern Land. Good property this, at 2½ cum. dividend. Dive about in search of similar shares, and you'll come across Nigers. They have kept wonderfully steady around 3½, and only the dullness of Jungle Tin shares generally has stopped their rising above 4. The market, like that in most of these land things, is rather narrow, and this makes speculation difficult. But they are worth watching, all the same. There is, by the way, somebody doing the same to me now, and if I don't clear out quickly there may be a little pointed conversation between the waiting waiter and

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

TWO GOOD SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS.

We have received from a gentleman who has exceptional opportunities of knowledge a letter from which we print the following extracts, feeling sure that the information contained will prove of interest to many readers. Our correspondent knows what he is talking about, and we feel sure the information with regard to the Lima Railway 5 per cent. Debenture stock and the 6 per cent. Debentures of the Bolivar Railway may be relied upon. The price of both securities is about 97, and as redemption must take place at 103 and 105 respectively, buyers of either security should, in addition to good interest, receive a substantial bonus.

Lima Railways Company 5 per Cent. Debenture Stock.—I don't think the great improvement here has received sufficient attention. Briefly, all the hitherto competing concerns in Lima are brought under one Company, now controlled by the Schröder group. This concern has surplus profits of over £150,000 a year, after paying the £16,000 rent to the Lima Railways Company—virtually a working expense. The first £6500 of this goes to pay interest and sinking fund on the £100,000 First Debenture stock, which will all be paid off in twenty years. Further, the Railway Company has sold property recently which will enable it to redeem £30,000 Debenture stock and reduce the service fund to about £5000 a year. It has also about £10,000 worth of other assets that will be realised some day. Debenture stock must be redeemed by drawings at 103 if it cannot be purchased below that price. Indeed, I look upon the £10 shares at about 2½ as a very promising purchase. They have 2 per cent. in sight, 2½-½ in the near future, and an ultimate dividend of at least 3½ from the rental. The only objection to the stock is that Lima is in the earthquake zone.

Bolivar Railway Company 6 per Cent. Debenture Stock.—This Railway earned nearly twice its Debenture interest last year, and is in a strong financial position. Its liquid assets amount to over 11 per cent. of the Debenture debt, and it is now proceeding to develop its (potentially) enormously valuable land holding. With more settled political conditions in Venezuela, this stock should be safe enough, and the Company can see bad times through successfully.

A few other good holdings worth your readers' consideration are—

| | | | | Yield. |
|--|----|--------|----|--------|
| Lima Light Power Tramways 5½ per cent. Debentures | .. | at 97½ | .. | 5½ |
| Municipal Trust Company "A" Debentures (4½ per cent.) | .. | 102½ | .. | 4½ |
| (£100,000 secured on Mixed Assets worth over £700,000, producing £34,000 per annum.) | | | | |
| Great Western of Brazil 4 per Cent. Debentures (35 per cent. to be paid) | .. | .. | .. | 4½ |
| Manila Railway Co. (1906) 4 per cent. "B" Debentures | .. | 75 | .. | 5½ |
| Anglo-Ceylon and General Estates 5 per cent. Debentures | .. | 101½ | .. | 4½ |
| New Cape Central Railway 4 per cent. Consolidated First Debenture Stock | .. | .. | .. | 92½ |
| London Trust Company 3½ per cent. Debenture Stock | .. | 77½ | .. | 4½ |
| Argentine Transandine Railway 4 per cent. "A" Stock | .. | 94½ | .. | 4½ |

Friday, Dec. 16, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SMALL INVESTOR.—(1) It is very difficult to say if the fall will go further; but the Company is said not to be well managed, and the continued agitation among the shareholders does not help prices. (2) The shares should be all right, as the paper is earning a big income. It is, of course, dependent on the life of one man, and there is no market on the Stock Exchange. Write and ask the secretary if he knows of any buyers.

L. M. A. F.—You buy first and consult us afterwards. We believe in the shares, but at 110 they must be more or less of a gamble. The market talk is that they will go to 120, but you had better take any reasonable profit, for they may as easily drop to the neighbourhood of 100.

EVAN.—(1) This is a matter of law on which you must consult a solicitor. (2) We should think so.

A.W.—See this week's Notes. Why should the Lima Railway 5 per cent. Debenture stock not suit you? Next week we shall publish some further suggestions.

PAGAN.—We are obliged by your interesting letter, and, by your leave, will make use of the information at an early date.

NOTE.—In consequence of having to go to press early this week and next, we must ask the indulgence of correspondents as to replies in this column.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Cheltenham, Young Buck II. should win the Leckhampton Steeplechase; Sing On, the Novices' Hurdle; Orion, the Christmas Steeplechase; Frigate, the Open Hunters' Steeplechase; Finchale, the Wincombe Hurdle; and Flax Field, the Charlton Steeplechase. At Kempton I like these: Hampton Steeplechase, The Whelp; Christmas Hurdle, Dafila; Mortlake Hurdle, Shrub; and Sunbury Steeplechase, Belus.

MME. AÏNO ACKTÉ: AN INTERVIEW.

AFTER the curtain had fallen on the first performance of Strauss's "Salome" in England and the great audience had thundered its applause, Mme. Ackté must have realised the heights to which the enthusiasm of an English audience is capable of rising.

And she is familiar with the operatic audiences of many countries. With the exception of Spain and Italy, there is no country and there are few cities of importance in Europe in which she has not sung. Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Budapest, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Dresden, Leipsic, Hamburg, and Monte Carlo, among others, have all acknowledged the sway of her art. So, too, has London. When Mr. Van Dyck conducted his opera season a few years ago at Covent Garden, Mme. Ackté was one of his prime donne, and she has sung in concert at the Albert Hall and in Liverpool.

She sang for two seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, as well as in the chief cities of the Union. Indeed, had the desires of a certain impresario prevailed, Mme. Ackté might have been denied the pleasure and distinction of being the first artist to sing Salome in London, for he was anxious to get her to sing the part in Chicago. Happily for us, the negotiations did not succeed. Further representations of "Salome" were forbidden after it had been performed twice in the great city on Lake Michigan.

There is a general impression that Mme. Ackté is a Swede. She is not. She is Finnish. Her father was the conductor of an orchestra and the director of a musical conservatoire in Helsingfors, and her mother was a distinguished and popular singer. It was from her mother that she obtained all her tuition in singing until the time came for her to go to Paris. She was anxious to work with M. Duvernoir, and called on him with her mother.

"Impossible," said the great professor; "I haven't room for any more pupils. My time is fully occupied." Mme. Ackté was not to be put off so easily. "Well," she said, "will you, at least, hear me sing one song and advise me with whom to study?" It would have been ungracious to deny such a simple request. Mme. Ackté sang. "You shan't go to anybody else," cried M. Duvernoir, in ecstasy after he had listened to the beautiful voice, which was already splendidly trained; "You shall study with me, and if you promise not to go to any other professor, you shall study with me without any fees." Mme. Ackté promised. When her time of probation was over, she won the first grand prize for opera and singing at the Conservatoire, and was immediately engaged for the Grand Opera House, where she made her début as Marguerite in "Faust." She remained there for six years, and sang

a wide répertoire, which included two Wagnerian heroines—Elsa and Elisabeth; and she also created, among other rôles, Hervine in "Les Cloches de Rheims," and Nedda in "Pagliacci," when it was produced in Paris. While at the Opera, she sang before all the European Sovereigns who visited the city, and appeared twice before his late Majesty King Edward—once at a gala at the Opera, and once at the British Embassy, where she specially sang some English songs, for she speaks English with remarkable facility.

From Paris she began the wandering life of the successful prima-donna. When she went to Germany she added several Wagnerian rôles to the two she had already sung, among them being Senta in "The Flying Dutchman," Eva in "The Meistersingers," and Brünnhilde in "Siegfried." To Paris she always returned in the intervals of her wanderings and sang either at the Opera or at the Opera Comique. At the latter she first appeared as Thais, and as Maria Magdalena in Massenet's opera of that name; also in "Tosca," "Tiefland," and "Traviata," before she came to what she regards as the crowning triumph of her life—"Salome."

It was a performance of the drama which first interested her in Oscar Wilde's work. As soon as she heard that Strauss had composed music to it she immediately started for Germany in the hope of seeing it. She bought the score and studied it closely. She realised that the music suited her voice and her temperament. She determined to call on the composer, and so she went to Berlin to see him. For three weeks she rehearsed the part with him, so that she knows the shading of every phase of the character and every phrase of the music as Strauss conceived them. When the work was over, Mme. Ackté, in thanking him for his assistance, expressed the regret that she could do nothing adequate to mark her appreciation of all his kindness. "On the contrary, Madam, you can do a great deal," replied the composer, "if only you will sing Salome very often."

Before Mme. Ackté appeared as Salome, it had been the custom to engage a professional dancer as a substitute for the singer to perform Salome's dances. The difficulty of getting any resemblance between the two was, naturally, fatal to the illusion. Herr Strauss begged that, if she could dance, she would do the dance herself. "I always meant to," she replied. All her life she had been a passionate devotee to dancing. When she was a young girl, however, her mother had opposed her dancing, lest the exercise might lead to injuring her voice. The result was she never was taught the art of dancing at all, and her knowledge of it is derived from studying in front of her looking-glass by herself. She thereupon set to work to devise the "Dance of the Seven Veils," which adds so much to the verisimilitude of her impersonation of the daughter of Herodias.

"The Leading FIFTEEN of the year."—*Daily Telegraph.*

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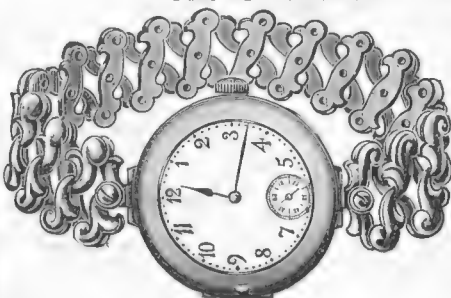
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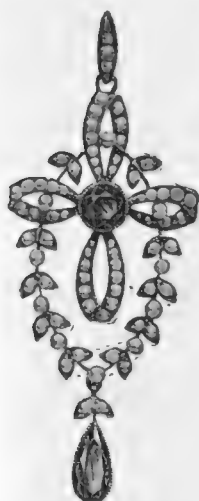


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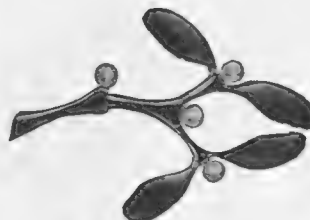
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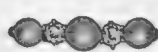


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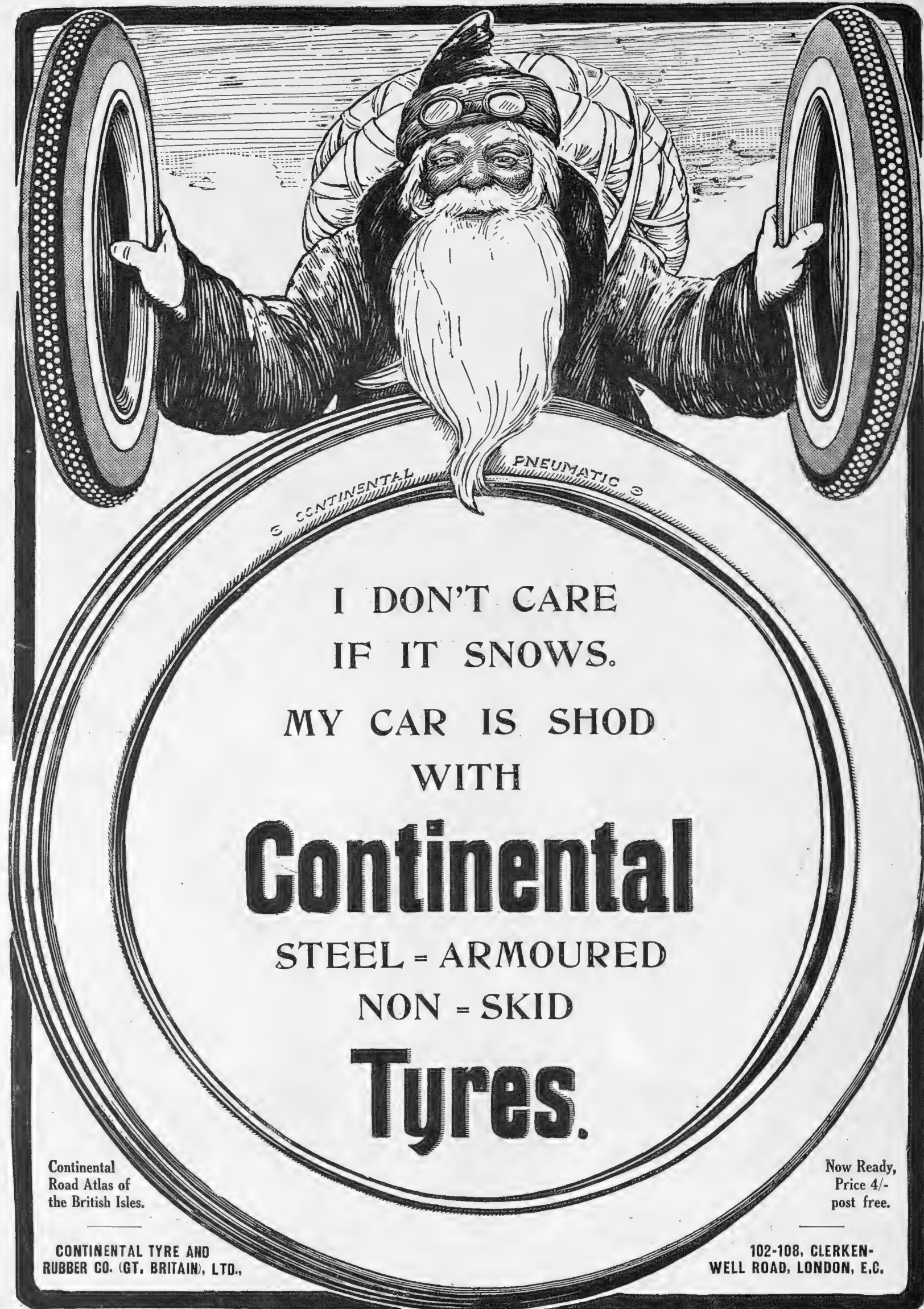
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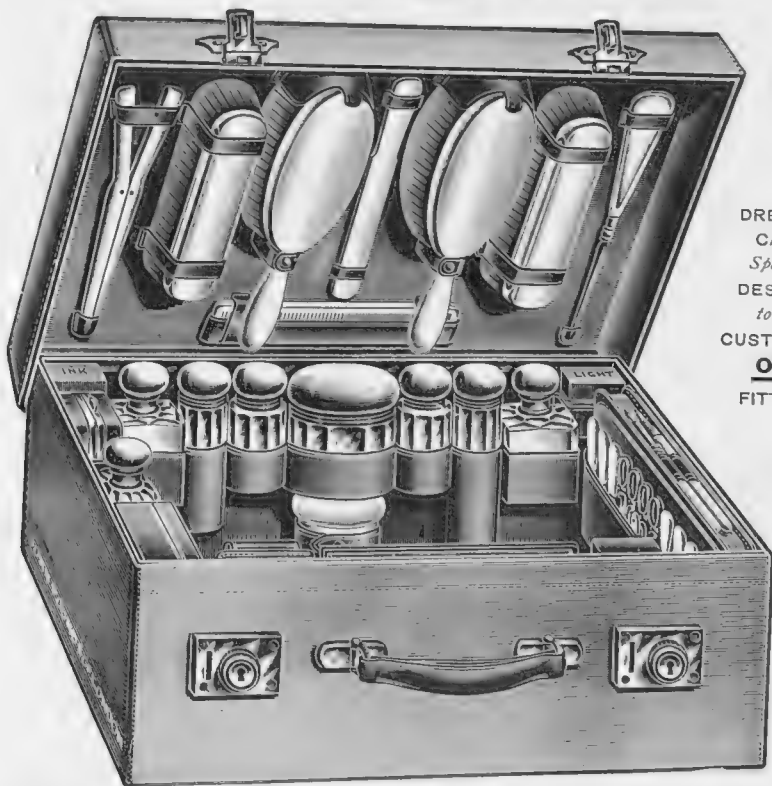
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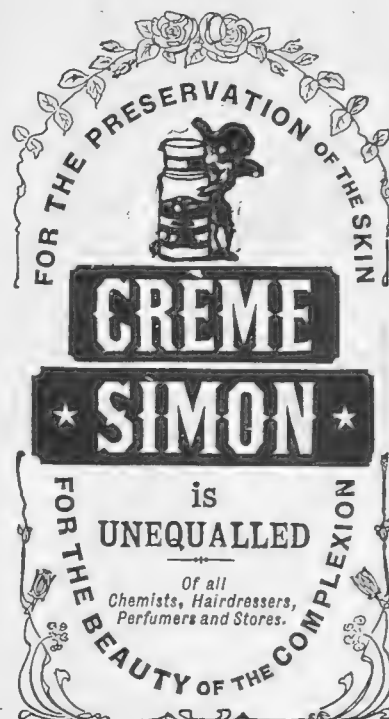
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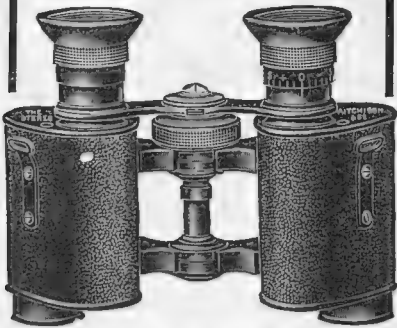
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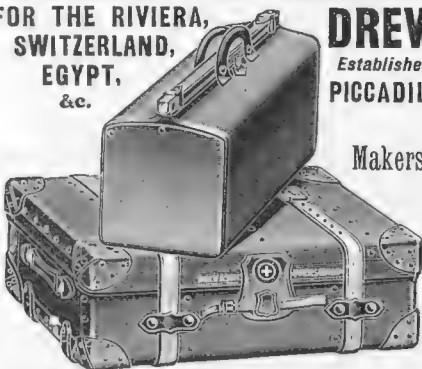
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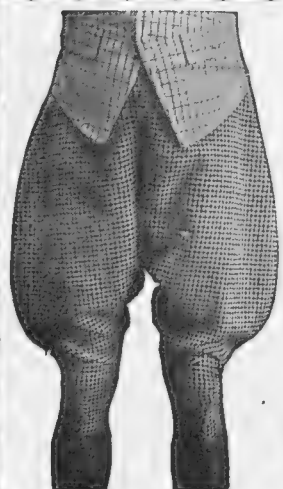
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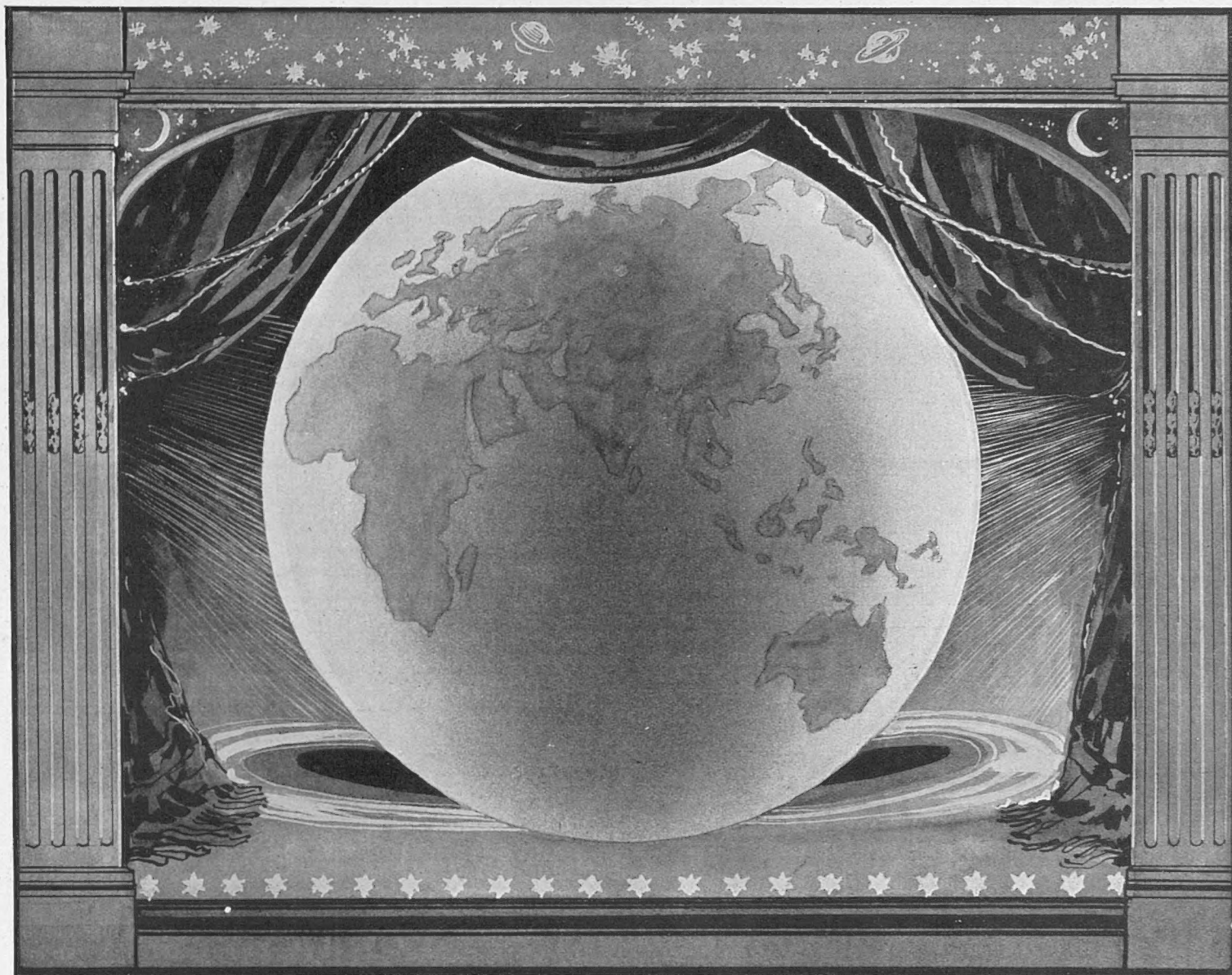
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A POST-IMPRESSIONIST JOKE.

SEPTULE AND THE RACINISTES.

A VERY brilliant English novelist, who is living in France, but whose name has become a household word wherever interest is taken in the evolution of English literature, recently came into touch with what might be called a Post-Impressionist Academy of Painting and Drawing. Being himself an amateur who amuses himself with dabbling in water-colours, though he has never had any artistic training or any pronounced natural talent for drawing or painting, he happened to show one day one of his amateurish efforts to a professor of the said *Académie*. The professor examined the picture carefully, and then remarked, "My dear friend, you have three times too much technique. You are almost too clever. What you do is absolutely *worthless*—if you will allow me to speak with brutal frankness."

This comment is an amazing admission. That an untaught, inexperienced amateur has "three times too much technique" in the eyes of a Post-Impressionist professor, should give pause to those intellectual snobs who pretend to see great qualities in daubs which originate either from absolute incapacity or from an insane desire to be different from everybody else at any price. The indiscriminate acceptance in certain quarters of the most indefensible absurdities, together with works of sterling merit, has done as much harm to the cause thus unwisely championed as did the sophistry of the now famous preface to the Grafton catalogue, in which the anonymous writer spoke of "the fact that a good rocking-horse often has more of the true horse about it than an instantaneous photograph of a Derby winner," and made the even more preposterous statement that "the Post-Impressionists were not concerned with recording impressions of colour, light, or anything else exactly."

The exposure of the easy tricks by which some of the ultra-modern French artists have attained to fame or notoriety was, however, left to the wit of some members of the Chelsea Arts Club, an institution which has become an important factor in the artistic life of London, and is as well known for the brilliant achievement of its members as for the spirit of camaraderie which makes their gatherings a delight for all those who are privileged to be present. The great surprise of this year's annual dinner was the solemn unveiling at a late hour of an exhibition of paintings and drawings by *Quinte Septule and the Racinistes*, who, according to Robert de Mançogner's introductory notes to the catalogue, were the real ancestors of the Post-Impressionists.

The spirit in which the elaborate and entirely successful hoax was carried out may be gathered from the following excerpts from

this Introduction, which purports to give a brief survey of the *Raciniste* school—

"The Post-Impressionists—what are they but the feeble epigones of the *Racinistes*—that brave band of fighters who gathered around Quinte Septule after his flight from Paris, and formed the little artists' colony of Châteaudun? The term *Racinistes* happily designates the men inspired by a feeling of revulsion against the superficiality of modern art. The *Racinistes* go to the root of things. They are ever in search of the basic and fundamental.

"The head and founder of the *Raciniste* school was Quinte Septule (1823-1874). Born at Arles, in Provence, the son of a prosperous *charcutier*, Septule evinced from his earliest years an almost abnormal talent for design. He obtained a post at the Beauvais tapestry works; for fourteen years he laboured conscientiously for his employers, who jealously kept the young master's name in the dark, as is the wont of commercial exploiters of artistic talent.

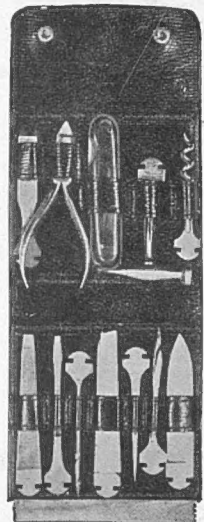
"The philistinism of his employers was unable to grasp the profound emotional intellectuality of this phase of Septule's art, and a masterly design of 'The Expulsion,' into which he had put the whole cosmic force of his genius, led to his own expulsion from the Beauvais works. Embittered, but unshaken in his resolve to work out his own salvation, he went to Paris. He found consolation in the company of a kindred spirit, an ardent young painter, Charles Turlatin (1834-1901), whose uncompromising independence had closed to him the gates of all public exhibitions.

"A tragic fate seemed to preside over the destinies of the *Racinistes*. François Rotton had a stroke of paralysis which lamed his entire right side; but with indomitable courage he continued for six years to work with his left hand. Désiré Prastin was only twenty-six when he died in convulsions before his easel, from the poisonous exhalation of certain pigments of his own invention. The sudden disappearance of Anatole Respignac has never been accounted for. In fact, of all the *Racinistes*, Bienaimé Chiquet and Romain Gousson are the only two whose life ran a fairly smooth course, though Chiquet undermined his health by drugs."

Well, the pictures and drawings purporting to be painted by the *Racinistes*, a selection from which we are able to reproduce by kind permission of the Chelsea Arts Club, were the result of a morning's amusement of some of the members, who prefer to remain anonymous. Those who have seen the *Racinistes* Exhibition, and compared the pictures with some at least of the Post-Impressionist works at the Grafton Galleries, will appreciate the significance of the remark made by the "professor" to the novelist. There is too much real knowledge at the basis of some of the "spoof" pictures, because a serious artist finds it extremely difficult to rid himself of all he has learned and to "regain the naïve vision of a child."

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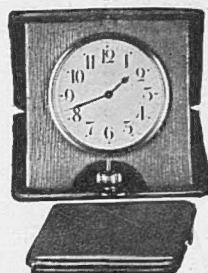
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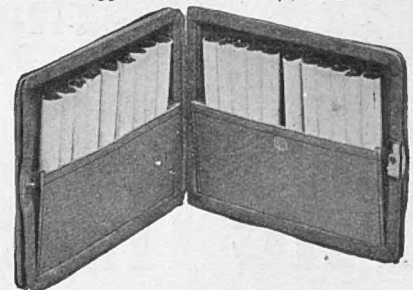
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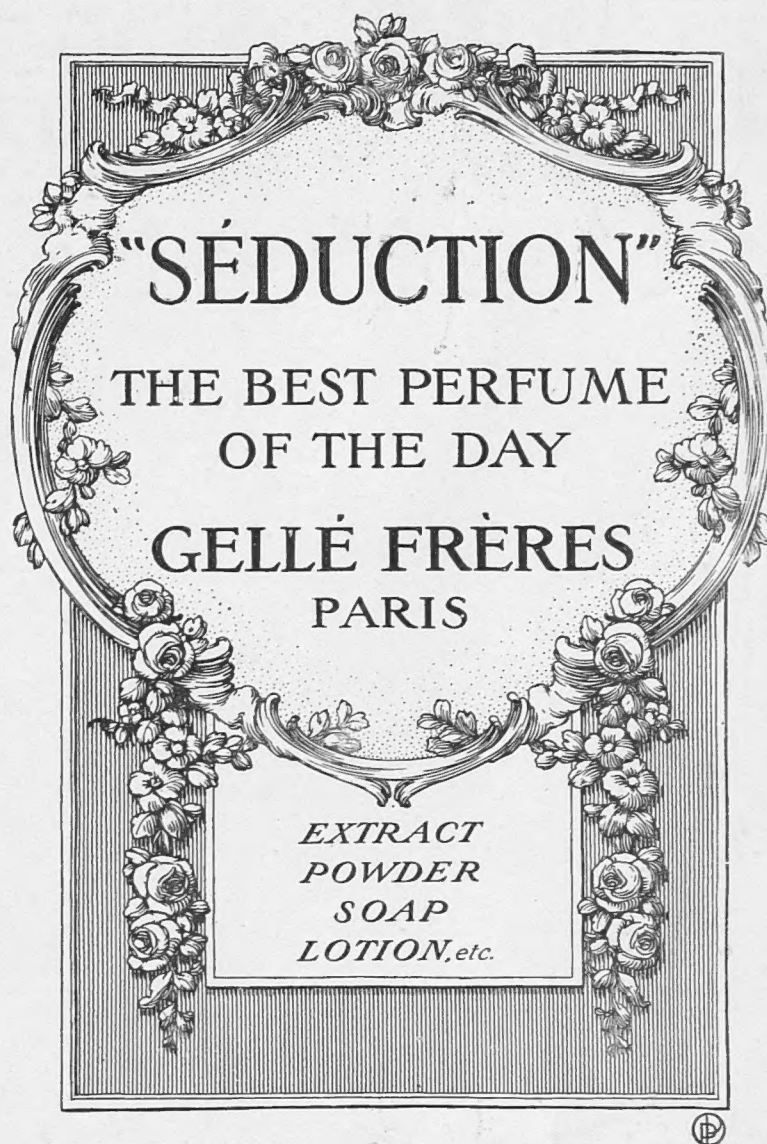
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